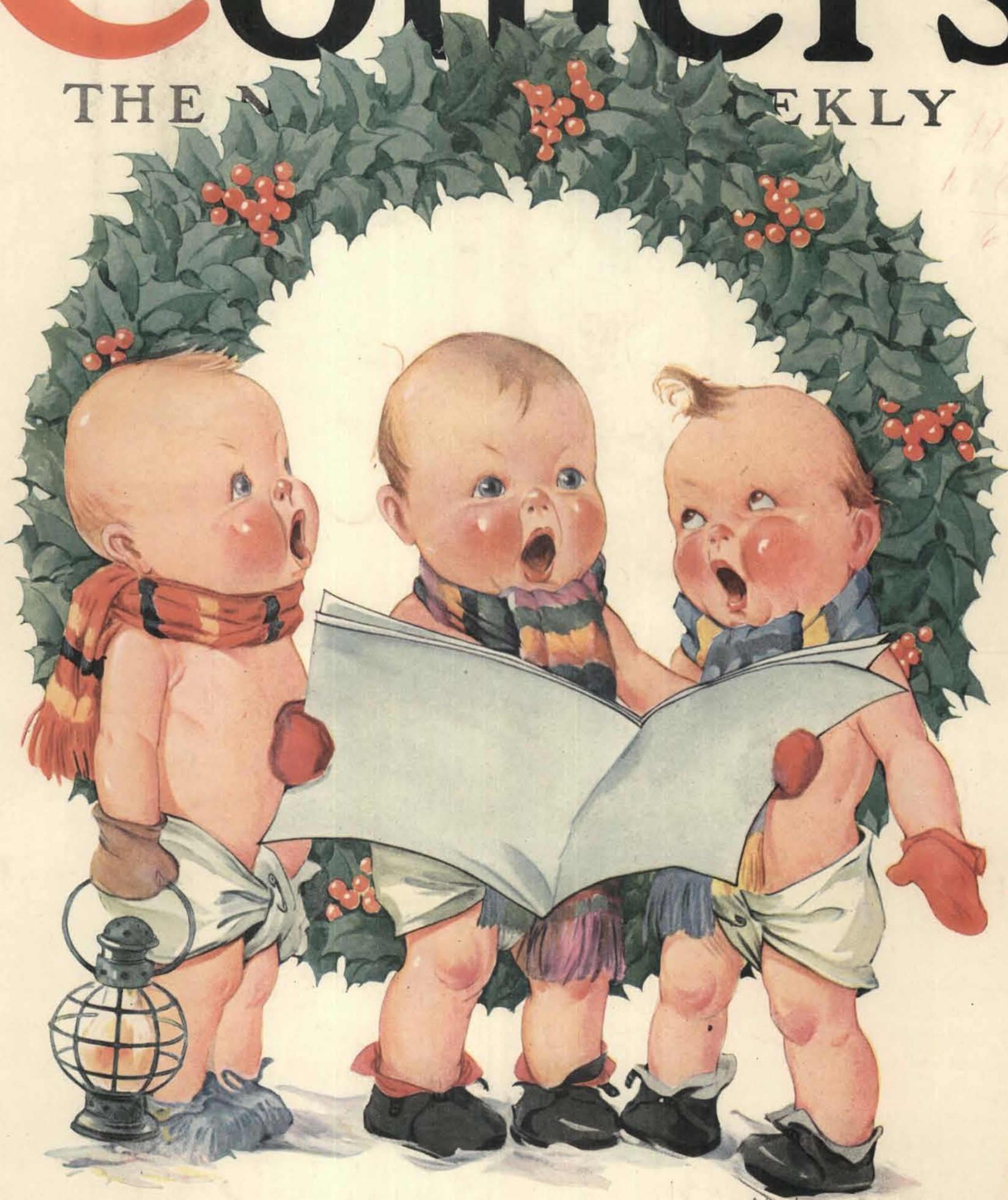


Collier's

THE WEEKLY

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December 21, 1929



Ring Lardner Arthur Somers Roche E.P.
Stephen Morehouse Avery Jerome Beatty

DEC. 21, 1929

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Gargle full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits development of sore throat and checks it, should it develop.

Let them play . . . but afterward **Protect them against colds and sore throat**

It isn't while playing that children catch cold—it is afterward, when, still overheated, they sit around in damp clothes or unconsciously expose themselves to drafts. These exposures, like wet feet and sudden changes of temperature, weaken body resistance so that disease germs in the mouth get the upper hand.

Therefore, in addition to the regular morning and night gargle, see that your children, however sturdy, use Listerine on returning from play.

Listerine aids Nature in warding off colds

and ordinary sore throat because it is fatal to the germs which cause them. Tests in the great bacteriological laboratories show that full strength Listerine kills even the *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus), the *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) and the *Streptococcus* germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000, in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we could prove it to the satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

Yet Listerine is so safe that it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

Gargle with Listerine regularly every day, as a preventive measure against infection. And at the first definite sign of colds or sore throat, increase the frequency of the gargle, meanwhile consulting your physician. If serious complications are threatening, he will detect and treat them properly. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



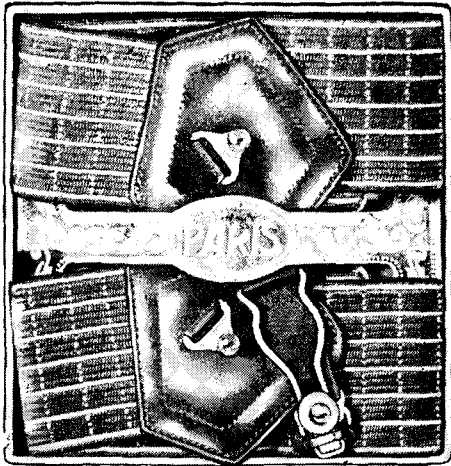
How to prevent a cold
Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal destroys the germs ever-present on them.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

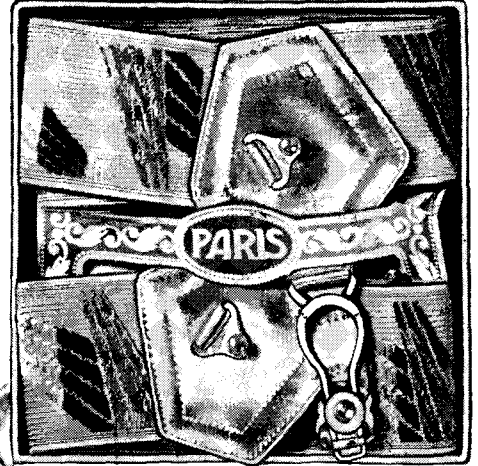
Listerine kills germs in 15 seconds

Presents from PARIS

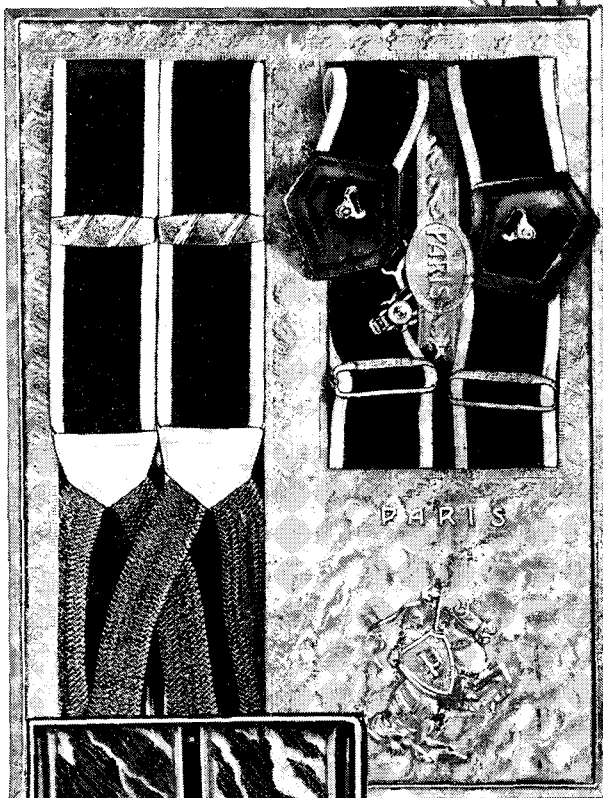
in beautiful holiday boxes



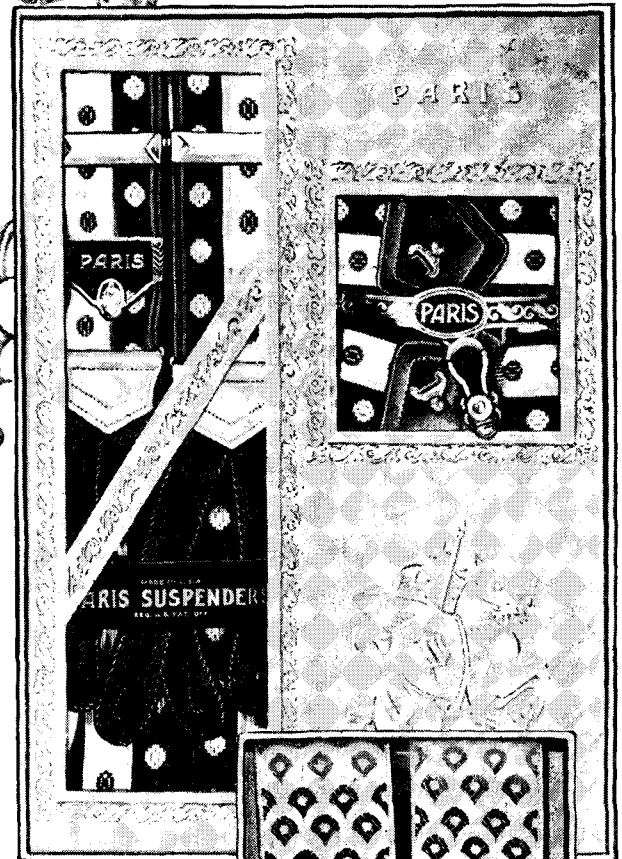
Fancy striped rayon elastic PARIS Garters—only 50c, others \$1 and \$2



Fancy elastic PARIS Garters—modernistic in design—extra quality, \$1—others 50c to \$2.



PARIS Garters of striped rayon elastic, in rich, new patterns, and a cigarette lighter, \$1. Other combinations include—PARIS Garters with Gillette Safety Razor, Briar Pipe, Cigarette Case, Leather Key Wallet or Bill Fold.

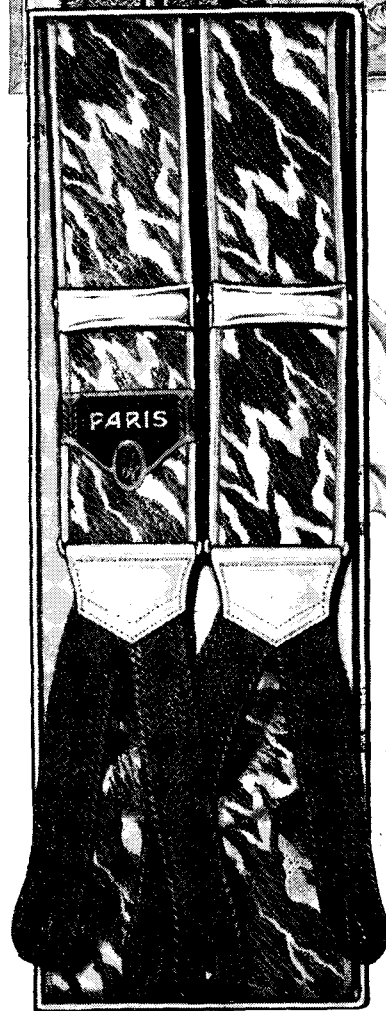


THE name Paris is an unequalled guarantee of style, comfort and long-lasting satisfaction in garters and suspenders. Paris Presents are the useful sort, the practical type, that every man of every age wants and appreciates. Here are a few of the many Paris Combination Sets to choose from—your dealer will gladly show you the complete Paris line. Select your gift for "HIM" from this page. During the Christmas rush—pause long enough to ask, distinctly, for Paris—it's a high compliment to give what every man recognizes as the best.

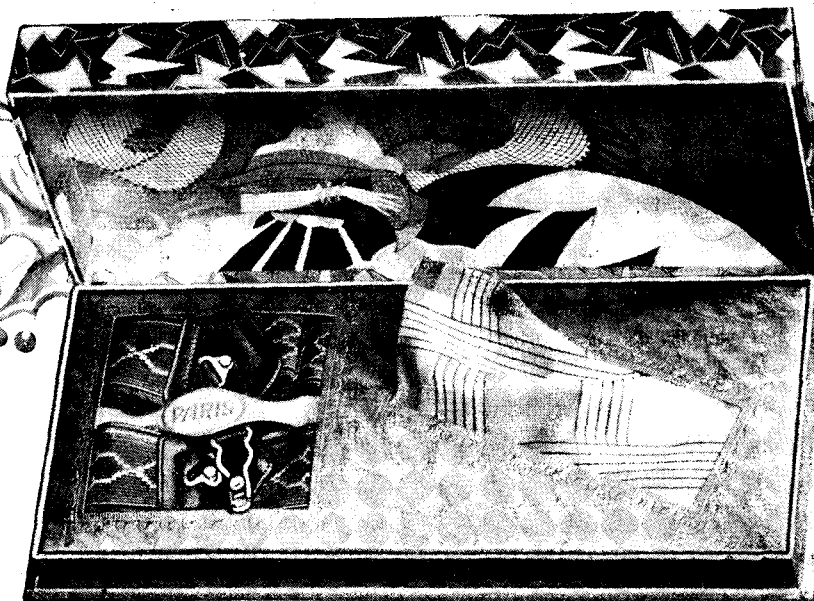
De Luxe matched PARIS Garters and Suspenders! Pure silk-velvet elastic, solid colors, edged in white—gold-plated buckles and trimmings—\$5.

Matched Suspenders and Garters—figured-pattern elastic in contrasting colors. English style—\$2.

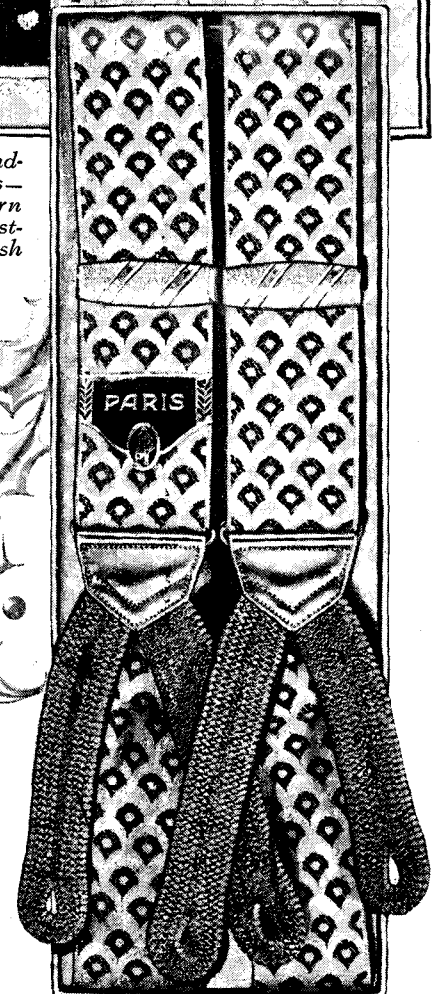
CHICAGO NEW YORK **A. STEIN & COMPANY** LOS ANGELES TORONTO



Just the right thing—fancy non-elastic PARIS Suspenders in Jacquard lightning design. English style—\$1.50.



PARIS Garters in fancy block design with striped rayon handkerchief to match. In fine holiday box—\$1.



To "keep UP his good appearance" PARIS non-elastic Suspenders in two-colored Jacquard design. English style—gold-plated buckles—\$2.

THIS WEEK

December 21, 1929



Next Week

THE All-America Football Team leads the next issue and with the deftness which comes only after long practice we shall place the magazines on the newsstands and step back very quickly to avoid being trampled in the rush.

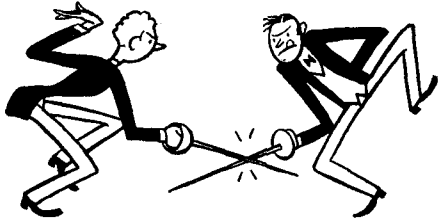
Football now outranks prohibition, divorce, jazz, the tariff and Davey Lee in conversational importance. Unfortunately, for the tranquillity of the country, it lasts but two months or so.

The interest in Grantland Rice's selections is naturally more intense than ever. As he said in an article published two weeks ago, he will be assisted by an able and unprejudiced sports observer in each section of the country. We are reluctant to shatter illusions, but the bald truth is that Mr. Rice's activities are subject to the limitations which afflict other members of the human race. He finds it pretty difficult to be in two or three places at the same time. But he has seen as many important games as an extremely active person can behold. All season his trusted colleagues have been sending him detailed reports on the men withheld from the Rice eyes by time and space.

He is now in seclusion weighing records and casting up percentages. He will emerge just in time to catch next week's issue with the All-America line-up and our greatest football season will have closed officially.



THE fiction is varied enough to suit any mood—there's love everlasting, hate, avarice, crime, passion, forgiveness, glamour and laughter. For the last named we recommend among other things "Nothing Ever Happens Here," by Lynn Montross, a story of juvenile love—the deadly rivalry between Harold and Charles for the fickle regard of Thelma, who was, at the last writing, sixteen, brunette, a high school sophomore, svelte and considered by all her friends to be attractive. We recommend the story with one reservation: If you reached the advanced age of eighteen without falling in love you won't know what it's about.



THE short short story is "Secret Service," by the least secretive member of our staff—John B. Kennedy, who stands at the microphone these Sunday nights and makes the cracks heard round the world.

FOR the other ingredients of the emotional mélange, as well as some highly instructive information, we refer you to Stephen Morehouse Avery, Sidney Waldo, William Helm, Alan LeMay, Milton C. Work, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Arthur Somers Roche. May your Christmas presents be very pretty and just expensive enough to save you from embarrassment.



Any Week

UNDER the head of Immediate Response and Reader Reaction comes a telegram from Mrs. William Grimm, "a loyal American proud of British traditions," demanding to know why we meddle in foreign affairs by publishing Richard Dent's Why the Prince of Wales Hasn't Fallen in Love. Collier's must have been still warm in her hand when she rushed to the telegraph office.

"Besides being none of public's business," wires Mrs. Grimm, "article also jeopardizes good feeling English speaking peoples."

In first place, Mrs. Grimm, forty million maidens (our idea of a part of the public) can't be wrong and lastly we will bet your own odds that not a single relation will be strained. However, thanks for thinking of us.

WE HAVE plenty of written evidence that what we say is responsible for things. For example, Walter Davenport's The Virginia Reel, a prelection survey of Virginia's political battle between the Democratic machine and Bishop Cannon's anti-Raskob coalition. You may remember that Bishop Cannon's ticket was overwhelmed.

That done, a follower of the Bishop addressed us by mail:

"We Virginians," writes he, "who tried to beat the Democrats for governor could do nothing after that skunk who wrote the article on Virginia in Collier's of November 2d. That and the De Priest pamphlet circulated by the Democrats beat us badly. You ought to give that rascal a calling down. Most of the article was a fake. I can use two copies of that issue and am enclosing postage for payment."

After consulting several reliable authorities, Mr. Davenport reports that he is not a skunk. Nevertheless we spoke to him rather sharply and were about to send the Virginian his copies when we discovered he had omitted his name and address.



STARTING something worth while has been a way with us for years. For example, there's The Moral Code, a neat set of ideals by which any observing person might get much more out of life however sparse his or her materials may be. Collier's hasn't even mentioned the code for several years now, but requests for it still flow in. All told we have sent about 400,000 copies to a demanding public.

HAVING read a bale or two of applause, here we find a letter from Mr. Elbert Corbin, who, specifying nothing, makes the general charge that we "make him sick."

So we hurriedly pick up a letter from L. Ludlow Haight of Los Angeles. He played football once and now has three triple-threatening sons at it. He assures us that John W. Heisman's articles on the game of games are among the best he has ever read.

As for Mr. Corbin—well, we make each other sick.

Cover—C. H. Twelvetreets

Page 7—Jerome Beatty

CATFISH WIGGINS TRIES THE PLANETS: And comes through smiling.

Page 10—William P. MacCracken, Jr., and W. B. Courtney

IT'S HARD TO GET YOU UP: Selling aviation in America.

Page 12—E. Phillips Oppenheim

THE LION AND THE LAMB, Part III: Nefarious activities in London.

Page 14—George R. Preedy

BELTARBET'S PRIDE: A short story by the author of "The Prince's Darling."

Page 16—Betty Thornley

ON THE SCENT: Educated noses.

Page 17—Stephen Morehouse Avery

SAILCLOTH AND SATIN: A love story with a sea-wave obligato.

Page 19—Ring Lardner

BOBBY OR BUST: Harsh words for the Golf Fathers.

Page 20—The Look of the Month

Page 22—Frederick Skerry

WITH LOVE: The Short Short Story.

Page 23—Grantland Rice

THE SCORCHING SPOTLIGHT: Boners that counted most.

Page 24—Arthur Somers Roche

THE AGE OF YOUTH, Part VI: Society, love, glamour—done very nicely, too.

Page 26—George Creel

THE PINCH HITTER: Who scores in a love story.

Page 31—H. I. Phillips

THE MARKET JACK BUILT: Words and music.

Page 32—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE TEXAS ARRANGER: Senator Sheppard.

Page 34—Word Hunt

COUNT YOUR OWN SCORE

Page 44—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Very well, do it your way.

Page 54—Editorial

— Sea Horse-Sense —

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The rules of the road for boating are just as important as they are for motoring.

Your Sea Sled can carry you through much harder water than the ordinary boat can stand up to, but treat her right and don't go smashing out blindly at top speed before you get acquainted with your craft. Discover how she handles at various speeds, in rough water and smooth, before throwing her wide open.

Learn the courtesies of the sea as well and don't go roaring past an anchored yacht at supper time, spilling the other fellow's soup all over his cabin cushions.

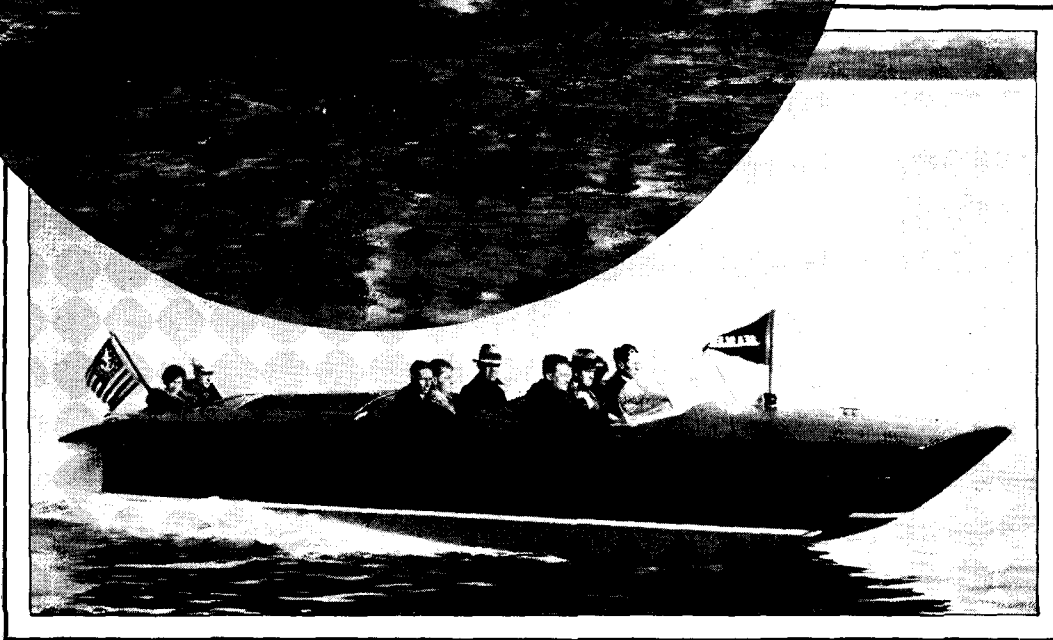
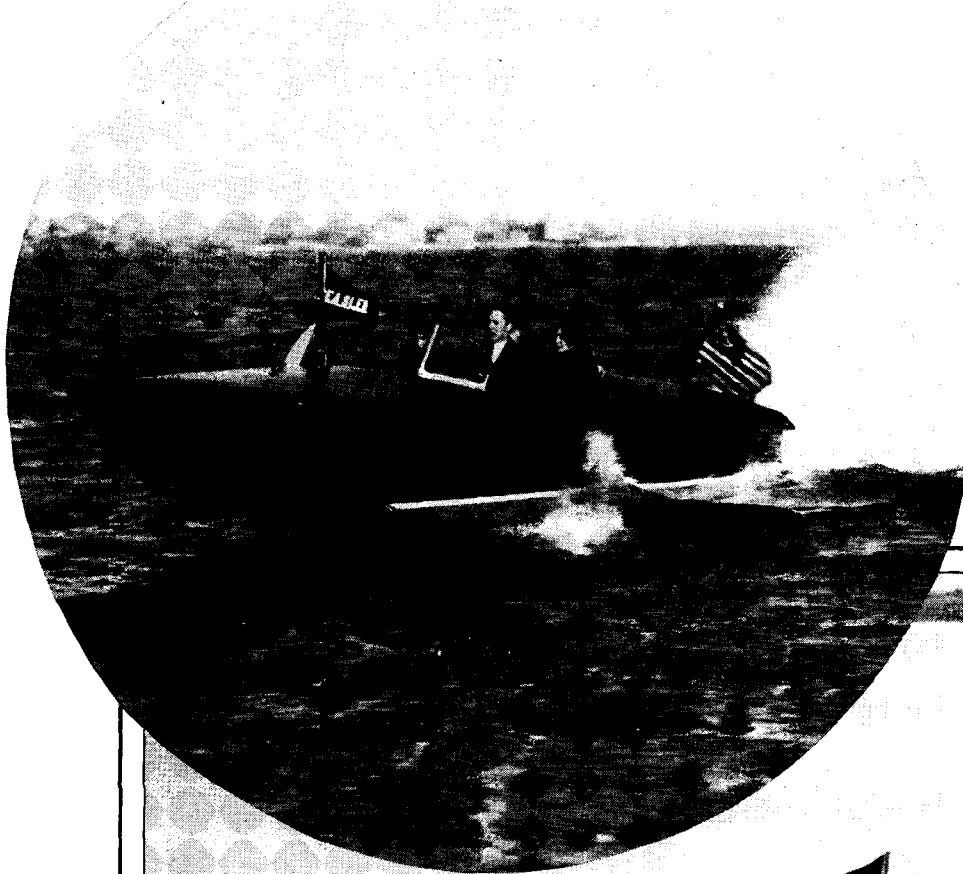
Don't plan an extended cruise without learning all that the chart and coast pilot can tell you. If you're headed for uncharted water, ask the man who knows. Locate every reef, bar, rock and tide rip along your course and find out just what wind and tide can do at their worst to water that may look peaceful to you.

It is doubtful if any other craft has ever had such rigorous testing as the Sea Sleds. Less than ten miles from the plant is one of the pet bad spots along the Atlantic coast, and each new model is taken out to this boisterous tide rip and remorselessly slashed around until she has proved conclusively that she is truly seaworthy, using the term in its exact sense, and that she hasn't a weak spot in her.

We do everything possible to insure safety in the craft itself, but there is always the bare possibility that the very ruggedness built into the Sea Sled may tempt some thoughtless new owner to be foolhardy.

You can get all the thrills you want out of a Sea Sled—more than from any other craft of the same size and speed, but don't try to overdo it right at the jump. Use horse-sense in learning the ways of the sea.

New dealers are welcome. We could use a good many more of the right kind. And the right kind are writing us letters that sound like prosperity.



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Model 18—Outboard Express Cruiser. Adjustable cabin, kitchenette and toilet, sleeps two—20-28 M.P.H. Price \$875



Model 16—Fast Outboard Runabout, double cockpits, forward controls. 25-33 M.P.H. Price \$495



Model 13—the ablest open craft afloat. Speed 20-30 M. P. H.

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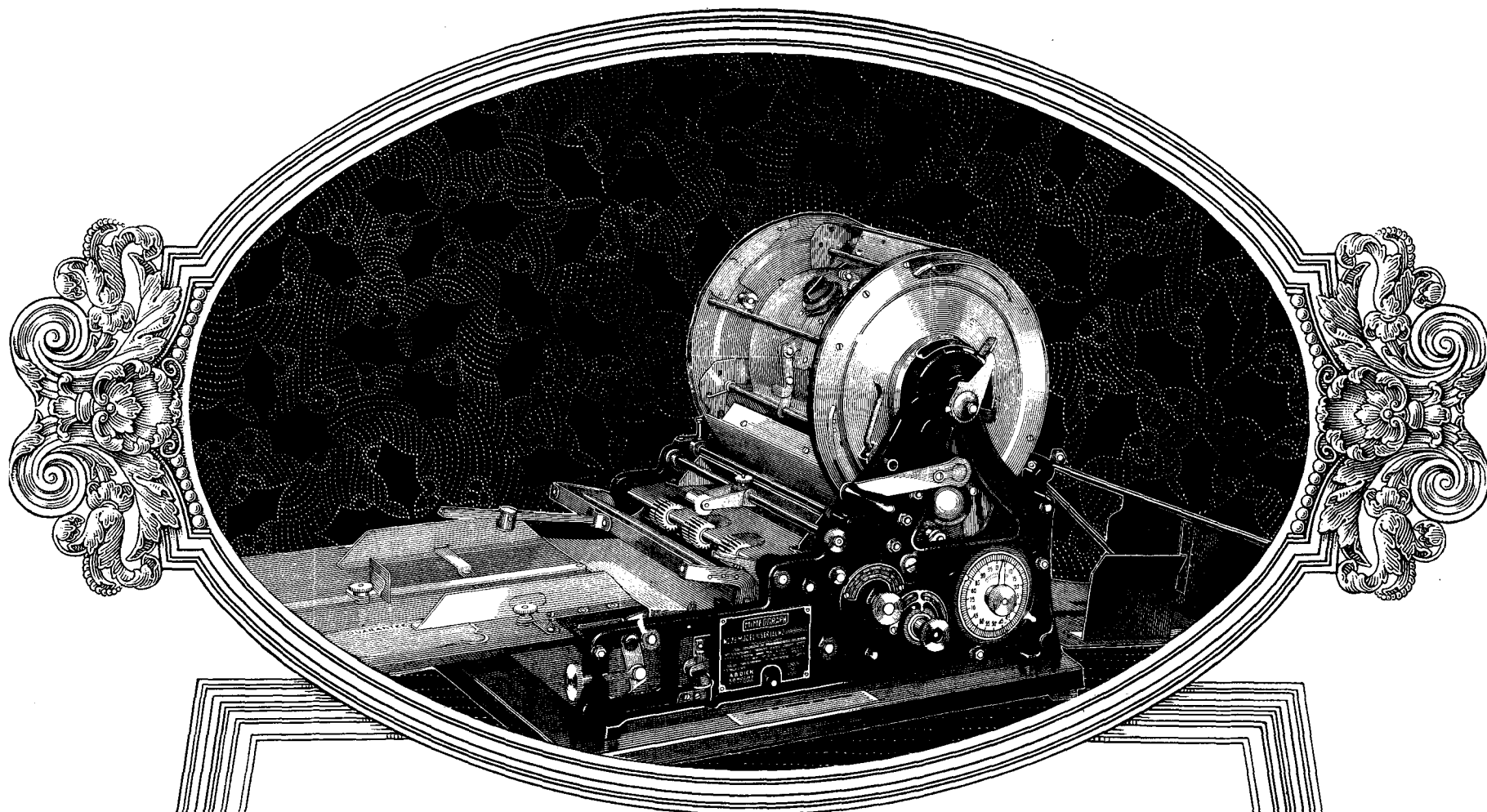
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IN THE CHRISTMAS RUSH

Holly-days are big days for the Mimeograph. For then it renders major service by supplying communication at top speed all along the line. Sales letters, price quotations, stock memoranda, ideas, schedules, sketches of merchandise. Through hour after hour of the strenuous selling days it relieves the Christmas stress by its ability to speedily duplicate anything written or drawn or typed. Its tested value to business and education the world over gets added test at holiday time. Then it is that its sturdy simplicity is sharply evidenced. No experienced operator needed. Privacy always! Let us tell you today where it will save money and make money for you in your organization. A. B. Dick Company, Chicago.

M I M E O G R A P H



Catfish Wiggins tries the Planets

With the aid of the eternal stars, the Hot Dog King puts his foot in it—but by the grace of everlasting luck, he yanks it out again

By Jerome Beatty

HENRY K. WIGGINS, the Hot Dog King, was in serious trouble with a woman, not his wife. His standing with Mrs. Matilda Wiggins was not so hunky-dory, either.

It seemed as if Henry always was doing something he shouldn't. But usually it was comparatively unimportant, like tipping over a glass of water on his dinner partner's new chiffon dress, or relating at a bridge party, with a zest and a relish that Matilda's glares could not dilute, vivid tales of how he used to capture the greased pigs at the county fairs when he was a butcher back in Kansas.

"Catfish" Wiggins, they called him in the greased-pig days, when everybody was his friend. Now, huge, hearty, as eager for comradeship as a St. Bernard puppy, he still was "Catfish" Wiggins, enjoying life with a rough gusto that brought shudders to the soft white shoulders of Engledale's social leaders.

These very social leaders might have told rare tales, too—of how they did their own washing and pushed their own baby carriages, before their husbands became presidents and vice presidents and general managers. Such reminiscences, however, in Engledale, Long Island, are out of tune with the crackle of new money. Even though the grocer's bill hasn't been paid for three months and credit is so frail that department stores deliver goods C.O.D., the United Front must be preserved.

Matilda Wiggins, calm, poised, chic and ambitious, had brought the Wiggins family to Engledale, for here she hoped to find a social seat that was comfortable and adequate for the wife of the president of the Bon Ton Meat Products Corporation. She had made no little progress, in spite of Henry's tendency at a dinner party to air his butcher-shop education with critical comments to the hostess. He was inclined, for instance, to pick at his fish with a fork and announce that sea food was all right when you couldn't get anything else, but nothing you got back East could touch good old fried Kaw River catfish and cracklin's.

"Am I right, Momma?" he would ask. Always, it turned out, he was wrong.

IN SPITE of all this, they had moved steadily up the social scale. Until now. Now, total and complete disaster had come!

It was mostly his own fault, Henry realized that. He had been sufficiently warned. But he relaxed his vigilance for a moment, then—catastrophe!

That astrologer had put it all down on paper—what the planets were going to do to him in the next twelve months. Fifty dollars, he had paid her for the dope.

"From November 19th until December 15th," she had written, "the planetary vibrations are unfavorable for dealings with women. You are likely



*Illustrated by
James
Montgomery
Flagg*

"I should think," she snapped, "you'd want to be something more than a butcher all your life. The people out here amount to something"

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

to lose caution and become too unconventional. You may be severely criticized if you allow your heart to rule your head, and serious complications that will threaten the happiness of your home life seem certain to be brought about."

Henry had worried considerably about that forecast. His home life bothered him enough as it was—with Matilda picking at him whenever they came home from a party, and making him dress for dinner whether they had any guests or not.

Matilda had told him the horoscope thing was a lot of superstitious nonsense but Henry knew that it was true talk. It had advised him to be careful in his investments in November. He had ignored the advice and Bon Ton stock went down eleven points. It predicted financial gains in the first week in December and he had taken the boys for \$45.75 in a poker game. It forecast a journey to foreign lands, and, ignorant of the fact that the planets were inspiring her, Matilda had announced that she wanted to go to Quebec, for a week-end.

THE horoscope told him that the same planets that made his emotions dangerously responsive to women would inspire him to great literary heights. And at the office for three days he had been working on a poem that promised to be a literary triumph.

Henry made up his mind that he would beat the planets and since November 19th he had been on guard. Heretofore a genial employer, he adopted such a gruff attitude toward his sensitive secretary that she decided something must be wrong with her work and went out and got herself another job. The girl who sold him his morning newspapers at the station, hurt by his changed manner, guessed that Mr. Wiggins must have lost a great deal of money in the stock market. A kindly woman who lived in the same block, and who often brought Henry up from the station in her car, was flabbergasted when he gave her a blunt "No!" just because she asked him if he didn't want a ride.

"You would have thought I was going to kidnap him!" she told her husband.

Then Henry and Matilda attended the annual joint meeting of the Men's Fortnightly Club and the Women's Civic Club, the most important social event of the year. Henry was careful to keep away from women and stayed close beside his friend W. B. Nash, the little, gray-haired president of the Lightning Oil Company. When they went into the auditorium Henry made sure that they found seats that seemed entirely safe. Matilda, who had jockeyed herself into a membership on some minor committee, sat on the platform.

Henry felt contented and genial and hoped for the best. The dangerous period was nearly past and he discussed the topics of the day in a rather one-sided conversation with Mr. Nash, who was quite deaf.

WITHIN five minutes after the meeting was called to order Henry was shaken by the devastating fact that when a whole universe full of planets goes on the warpath and decides to make trouble for a man named Wiggins, no hoping for the best will cause them to hesitate, pause or falter.

"Well!" declared Matilda, "I'm utterly speechless! Never have I heard of such imbecility! That's a world's record! Somebody ought to give you a cup!"

They were in their limousine on the way home from the scene of the planetary catastrophe.

Henry tried to sink his huge body into a corner of the car, but as well

for an abashed bear to try to hide himself in a sugar barrel. He fumbled at the fur robe with big, nervous fingers.

"How did I know," he moaned, "that she was goin' to hear me?"

"Hear you!" Matilda cried. "How could she help hearing you? They must have heard you in San Francisco. If Graham MacNamee had your voice we wouldn't need a radio."

He smiled feebly. "A lot of folks thought I was right."

"Snickering fools! That was what made it so terrible! At the big party of the year, with everybody in Engledale on hand, right in the middle of Mrs. Morrow-Smythe's speech!"

"It was a bum speech," Henry countered.

"And she had promised to put me on the entertainment committee! Do you realize what that would have meant—to be on the entertainment committee? We would have been invited everywhere."

"I don't want to be invited everywhere."

"You'll get your wish. We won't be invited anywhere! We might as well move out of this place."

"It wasn't my fault," he groaned. "It was the planets. Honest, Momma—Mother, my heart was ruling my head. That's what it was. Planets."

"Planets! Your head ought to be punched so hard that you'd see planets."

"But now, listen how it was. I was sitting next to W. B.—and you know how deaf he is."

"A fine pair! One deaf and the other dumb."

"And this two-hundred-pound Mrs. Whoosis-Whoosis started makin' that speech about how they were goin' to have a big banquet and the mayor and some congressmen were goin' to deliver orations and the Engledale mixed octette would sing and a fellow from the government would give a lantern-slide lecture on the Japanese beetle and it didn't sound so hot to me. I just whispered to W. B. what I thought about it—and he didn't hear me the first time."

"So you had to yell. You thought you were a cheer leader!"

"I didn't yell. I just whispered a little louder and I said 'Banquets are the bunk.' That was all. 'Banquets are the bunk,' and to my dying day I'll swear they are. That was all I said."

"All!" she screamed. "I heard every word. And so did everybody in Engledale."

"What else did I say?" Henry demanded.

"You said, 'Banquets are the bunk. What for does she want a banquet? She's too fat now!' That's what you said!"

"Oh, gosh!" Henry gasped. "Gee whiz! I guess I did, at that. I'd forgot the rest of it. Say, that wasn't so good, now, was it? Gee whiz!"

"If Mrs. Morrow-Smythe had had a gun she would have shot you."

"Ha!" Henry chuckled. "I guess she didn't like it, hey? Kinda funny, though. She is too fat. And I was right, wasn't I? I wasn't the only one that thought

that way about banquets. Didn't they vote it down? Ha!"

"She may be too fat, but she runs this village. The big holiday season is two weeks away—parties every night and we were set to go to all of them. And our big dance! Who'll come? Nobody, that's who! Nobody! And how many times do you think we'll be invited out when Mrs. Morrow-Smythe passes the word around that she can't very well attend any parties where that blundering butcher from Kansas is going to be on hand? Stock up on good books for the long winter evenings, Henry. We're going to have a cozy home life from now on!"

They climbed out of the car and went to their rooms.

Henry found in a dresser drawer the bundle of typewritten sheets that told him what the planets had in mind for him. He read over the paragraph about the danger from women. It had all come true. You couldn't fool the stars.

He took out of his pocket a buckeye, with a swastika carved on it, and dropped it into the drawer with a sigh of farewell. It had brought him luck for years, but now that he had gone in for planets what chance has a buckeye?

HE TURNED a page to see what was coming next.

"Between December 17th and 30th," he read, "the planets will be favorable and ready to reward achievement. During this period you will be successful if seeking an important office, and you are certain to be granted a high privilege. It is an excellent period for renewing friendships and making amends. You will be keen in perception and it will be well for you to follow your instincts."

He read it over again carefully. The 17th was less than a week away.

"Hmmm!" he wondered. "Maybe they're goin' to give me a break." The door





He felt something hit the chair. He heard a dull thud and someone said "Oof!" as the house shook

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

opened. Mrs. Wiggins entered, having thought up a few more peppery comments that she felt should not be allowed to die unspoken. She wore a frail lace negligee and she had covered her face with wrinkle plasters. With a towel she was rubbing cold cream off her throat.

"I should think," she snapped, "you'd want to be something more than a butcher all your life. These people out here amount to something. They're different."

"Aw, Momma—Mother," he corrected, as she glared at him through the wrinkle plasters, "they ain't different. They're just pretendin'. Didn't you see how they laughed? They don't like banquets, either, but they was scared to say so. I'll bet old Mrs. Whoosis-Whoosis herself, and her husband, too, wish they had the nerve to sit around in their stockin' feet and gossip about times when he didn't even have enough dough to take her buggy ridin'. All the

folks around here can think about now is money. If Jo-Jo the Dog-Faced Boy married the fat woman in the side show and moved out here with a coupla million dollars, they'd be invited to every party in town."

"You're disgusting!" she raged.

"Don't you worry." He patted her on the shoulder but she pulled away. "It's comin' out all right." He picked up the planetary forecast. "Look!"

SHE waved it aside. "Stupid!" she declared.

"I'm goin' to be elected to important office. It says so!"

She sneered.

"President of the Fortnightly Club, I presume."

"Maybe. I hadn't thought of that. That's a good idea."

"Well," she advised, with sharp sarcasm, "the election's the day before Christmas. You'd better begin getting your votes."

Henry looked again at the forecast. "Follow your instincts," he read.

"President Wiggins of the Fortnightly Club," Matilda jeered.

"I might," he said, and started to take off his collar.

"You—and Al Capone."

He swung around, his collar in his hand. "Say, wait," he declared. "Sure enough—by golly, that's it! Poppa's goin' to be president!"

"Humph!" she grunted.

He picked up the forecast. "—Renewin' friendships and makin' amends!" he read. "It's made to order!" His spirits rose and he waved the papers in the air. "Everything's O. K. now! I'll be president and we'll have a big party—even Mrs. Whoosis-Whoosis will come and we'll be invited so many places we can run the furnace with the invitations. There it is—written out in black and white."

"You've been drinking," Matilda said. "Go to bed."

"If I don't," he declared—he felt contrite because of the social devastation he had caused—"if I don't, I'll buy you that pearl necklace you wanted."

Even the wrinkle plasters did not hide her surprise.

She smiled grimly. "Thanks," she said.

"And if I put it over"—he was suddenly inspired—"every time I snap my fingers like this"—he illustrated—"you say to me, 'Yes, Henry dear.' Is it a bet?"

She looked into his mirror and massaged her throat.

"Is it a bet?" he demanded.

She did not turn her head. "Yes, Henry dear," she mocked. "How are you going to do it?"

"Darned if I know," he admitted, and sat down and scratched his head as he studied the planetary forecast again. What was that "high privilege" thing? It might be the privilege of buying a \$12,000 pearl necklace. He wondered if maybe he hadn't been a little hasty.

"IT'S a Christmas card, see?" Henry Wiggins said to his advertising manager. "I wrote the poetry myself," he explained with some pride.

"So I judged," the advertising manager said. He added quickly, "I mean by that, Mr. Wiggins, it's very good."

"I want it to go out to every meat market on our books. Up above it I want a picture of Santa Claus eatin' a Bon Ton Hot Dog and words are comin' out of his mouth—you know, like Mutt and Jeff—sayin' 'Take a Tip from Me.' See?"

The advertising manager, without enthusiasm, saw. He read the poem again:

*When your market's in the red,
And your credit's in the woods,
And the profit's pretty dead,
'Cause you haven't got the goods—*

*My advice you'd better take:
Pick your stuff with eagle eye.
If some money you would make,
Bon Ton Meat Products are the buy.*

MERRY CHRISTMAS
—From HENRY K. WIGGINS.

"The idea," said the advertising manager, "is to get the meat markets to stock up on Bon Ton Hot Dogs?"

"If you get that thought," said Henry, "my poem is perfect."

"Very well. Er, that line about 'And your credit's in the woods.' I don't just get that. What does it mean?"

"It means, son," Henry grinned, "that I had to have a line to rhyme with 'goods.' That's a first-class poem. Don't pick on it. Know anything about astrology?"

The advertising manager didn't.

"If you did," Henry advised, "you wouldn't be surprised to find that these days I possess great literary talent. The planets wrote that, son. That's why it's so good."

The advertising manager looked queerly at him and hurried out of the office.

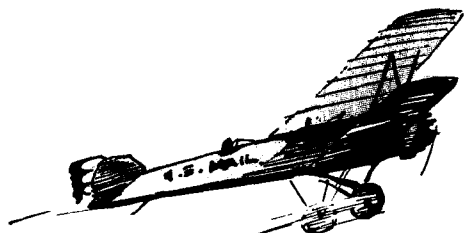
Henry put on his hat and overcoat.

"Please 'phone Mr. Nash," he said to his new secretary, "that I'm on my way over to the board meeting."

The meeting of the Boards of Directors of the Bon Ton Meat Products Corporation and the Lightning Oil Company lasted (Continued on page 44)

It's Hard to Get You Up

You didn't realize it, but when you lifted your eyes to watch Floyd Bennett, Lindbergh and other heroes fly past, you were the subject of a deliberate sales campaign. You were being sold on aviation. In this piece a flying lawyer and a flying reporter give you the inside story of why you are air-minded, if you are—and why you will have to be, if you aren't



By William P. MacCracken, Jr.

Former Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics

and W.B. Courtney

ONE day late in August, 1926, soon after I had been appointed Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics, I met Harry Guggenheim in New York. He is now our ambassador to Cuba but was then in charge of the expenditure of the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics which was established by his father.

He told me that he had been approached with a suggestion that the fund should finance a nation-wide tour, in the interests of air-mindedness, of the Josephine Ford, the ship in which Dick Byrd and Floyd Bennett had flown to the North Pole. But he feared that he might be accused of permitting the fund to become a party to a big publicity scheme; or that he might be suspected of seeking notoriety for himself. He asked my advice.

"I've been on the job long enough now," I told him, "to realize that selling aviation to the country is one of our chief objectives. We've got to sell flying to average men and women who know only one thing for certain about it—and that is that they don't want to do any. We can't convert them without publicity, and we've got to take advantage of every bit we can get. I not only recommend that you undertake to finance this tour; but, furthermore, the Department of Commerce would be glad to cooperate with you."

This incident really marked the initial step in a new era of selling aviation—that is air transportation—to the American public. The year 1925 had been a year of omens in the skies, and wrangles on the flying fields. In an effort to clear up and organize the situation President Coolidge had formed the Morrow Board. Out of this grew the Bingham-Parker Bill, as it is known legislatively. You know it as the Air Commerce Act of 1926.

We All Love Heroes

This was a bit of farsighted legislation which, anticipating the growth of commercial aviation, based on the splendid work initiated by the Post Office in our own country and by governmentally subsidized passenger lines in Europe since the close of the war, created a civil aeronautics policy. This law, in delegating to the Department of Commerce the administration of this policy, charged it, among other duties, with the "promotion of civil aviation"—in effect,

part of its job was to help sell aviation to you.

Like all prudent salesmen, the Department analyzed you before you were aware that you were on the prospect list. We knew that your strongest point—your point of greatest resistance to what we had to sell—was fear. And we knew that your weakness, so far as our task was concerned, was your propensity for hero-worship. You love heroes; and aviation had 'em.

Flying is heroic fundamentally because it is a challenge and a defeat of the mysterious, the unknown—to many, the supernatural. And flyers are supermen; at least it is my experience that most of you then so regarded them. Physically and mentally they represent the best of our young manhood. For years you have crowded the country roads on Sundays to watch them at their flying fields—from Lincoln Beachey and Cal Rodgers to Speed Holman and Frank Hawks. You envy them because you believe they possess qualifications of eye and mind and nerve that you don't. Without detracting from these fine men, and without meaning to suggest that you can all become Floyd Bennetts, the Department set out to show that you could at least share their achievements.

Commercial aviation is the first industry inspired by hero-worship and builded upon heroes. I have a great fondness not alone for the men who have accomplished spectacular feats but for the pilots of the air mail and other workaday commercial activities. In the Department of Commerce alone there are seventy flyers doing daily their jobs as inspectors in a manner to command respect and admiration. A composite picture of modern pilots—American and international—would provide the world with an ideal hero for its youngsters' classroom and bedroom walls for generations to come. You have to go clear back into mythology to find another group their match. Even the Vikings, the conquistadores, the chevaliers, the Elizabethan sea captains, don't provide their counterparts, for they had sordid aims. But Moisant, Bleriot, Hoxsey, Harry Hawker, Maitland, Eielson—you'll scarcely turn up anything ulterior in their feats.

With your strong and weak points in mind, therefore, the Department had planned a definite campaign. Instead of knocking upon your front door and saying, "Please, sir, or madam, be in-

terested in aviation. Fly—there's a good fellow or lady," it decided to climb into your homes through the rear windows of air mail and airports. You would come to depend upon the first. The second would invade your pocketbook. The Air Commerce Act authorized the Department to build intermediate landing fields. Municipal fields were your concern. We could only persuade your communities to build them—through taxes. Once your purse was touched, your heart wouldn't be far behind.

And thus Floyd Bennett came to be sent upon the first of the selling tours.

Invincible Modesty

Dick Byrd flew with Bennett on certain stretches of the trip: a Department of Commerce representative was with him throughout. The tour was planned to include most of the cities and territory then served by air-mail lines. From it dates the growth of big-scale use of the air mail. And most of the credit for its success goes to poor Floyd Bennett.

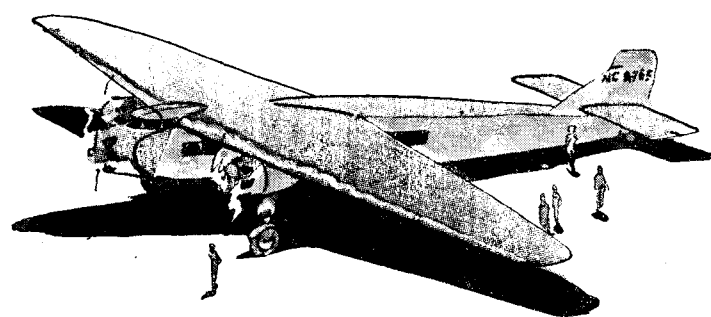
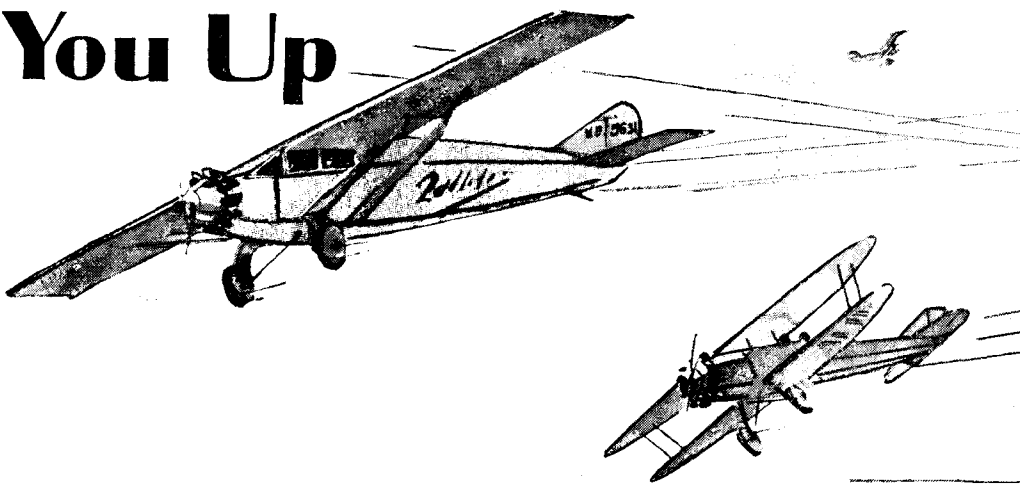
He was the first hero of the air brought home to everybody. Destiny couldn't have given us a finer. He was

simple, shy, modest. In this he was typical; and in this he represented one of the major difficulties we have met in selling aviation to you through its heroes.

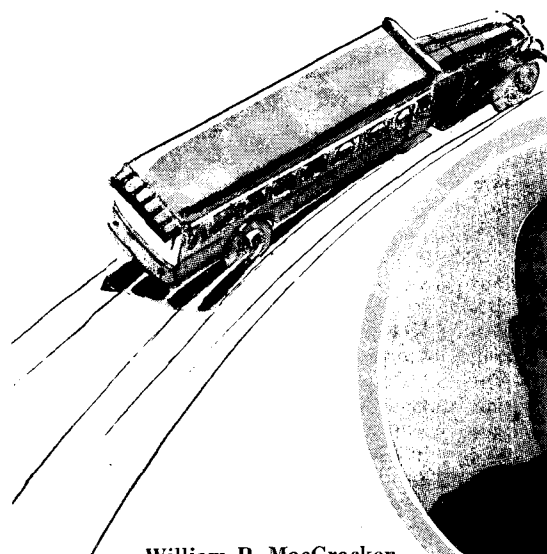
You have your favorite aviation hero, no doubt. Mine is Orville Wright. I am convinced that two and three thousand years from now he and Wilbur will be among the classical heroes of mankind.

Orville Wright is touched by the same indefinable thing that touched the great Greeks and the great men of history of all time. He has nobility, he is self-effacing, he has wrought a dream into daily life. Not a dream in the sense of a mere vision of material conveniences. But a dream of pure thought; a dream that has shrunk the world, brought all men within reach and understanding of all other men, and done more to hasten the end of wars than 2,000 years of pious diplomacy or propaganda. That will be seen in a day which gives larger vision of our era in its relation to history. Orville Wright is a great man.

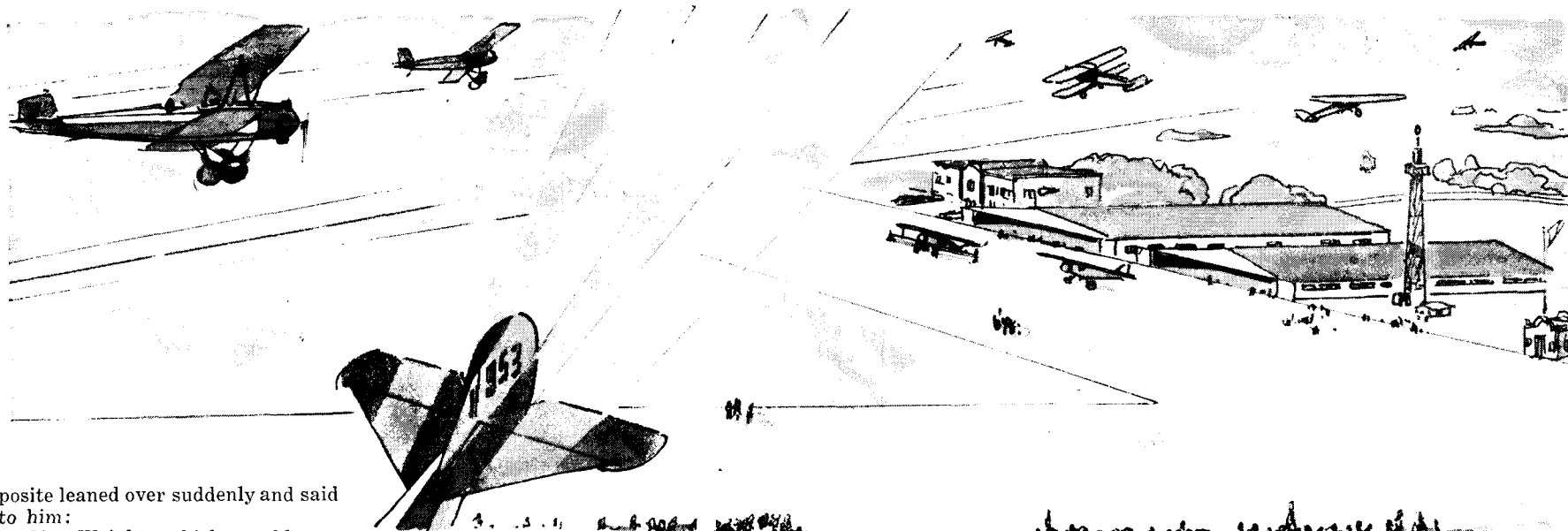
In Washington last December, at a banquet in his honor celebrating the silver anniversary of the first Kitty Hawk flight, I sat beside Mr. Wright. A high government official who sat op-



The carriers have developed bus services to and from their city ticket offices and their landing fields



William P. MacCracken, Jr., has been instrumental in selling aviation to the country



posite leaned over suddenly and said to him:

"Mr. Wright, which would you rather be: the man who first flew, or the man who first ate an oyster?"

We were all taken aback by this unexpected and unusual question. There was an uncomfortable pause. I thought Mr. Wright might be embarrassed and sought to shield him by interrupting:

"Surely you can't be serious in asking such a question?"

But the official insisted that he was, and pressed Mr. Wright for an answer.

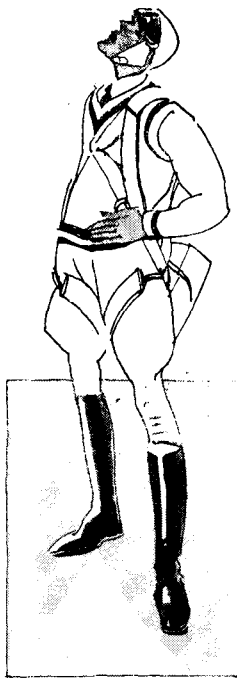
The First Man to Fly

"Well," said Mr. Wright in his soft way, "Adam was the first man, and I shouldn't wonder if he were the first man to eat an oyster. Adam is more famous than I'll ever be. But Adam is dead, and I'm alive, and so I'm glad I was the first man to fly."

So Floyd Bennett and the rest have precedent for their modesty! The Department found Floyd's tour so successful that it planned another shortly afterward. This time Harry Blee, the Department's business specialist and expert on airports and an engineer with an outstanding war record, combed the land. He flew with the air mail, not in a special plane. He visited ninety cities, and made hundreds of addresses. He informed business men of the imminent expansion of commercial flying, and warned them that communities without airports would be the communities without air mail. Just how serious this backwardness could be to the business and industry of any city he illustrated by figures of the efficiencies and economies made possible by air mail.

He plunged a two-edged sword right and left into the country's business men by telling them the story that is one of the classics of the air mail.

In the early days, when the Post Office was experimenting with the mapping and operation of a transcontinental route, it practiced with certain first-class mail without imposing any extra charge for postage; without, in fact, asking "by your leave" of the mailers. On fine flying days 400 pounds of mail would be picked at random from the post office in San Francisco and flown eastward until nightfall, when it would be transferred to a train. There were no lighted airways for night flying then. The following morning, if good weather still prevailed, the sacks would be lifted from the train and again flown



You've got to learn to use the air or life will run away from you. Science and progress aren't going to stand still because you are timid

eastward through the daylight hours. In this manner forty-eight hours were often saved in coast-to-coast delivery.

There came to the Postmaster-General an indignant letter from a business man in San Francisco, asking who in blazes had given the post office permission to fly his mail. Upon investigation it was found that this man had been embarrassed because a check he had mailed to New York had reached there and been cashed two days earlier than he had expected, and when he didn't have it covered in his bank!

Colonel Blee's trip, too, bore fruit. You were lifting your eyes. Municipal airports were being laid out, air-mail poundage was rising. But still *you* weren't flying. So when another set of heroes came to public notice we arranged another assault upon your resistance. The navy had helped through Floyd Bennett. Now it was the army's turn to do a nonmilitary service for commercial flying. Both services were always willing and generally able to help civilian aeronautics.

The Pan-American Good Will Flight of the Army Air Corps to Central and South America flew triumphantly home in May of 1927. We asked its commander, Major Herbert A. Dargue, to help us sell aviation. He gladly

undertook a tour which included the Southeast, a section which was then still aeronautically uncultivated. Walter O. Lochner, president of the National Association of Commercial Organization Secretaries, went with him. So did Captain Ross G. Hoyt, whose New York-Alaska dash is fresh in your mind.

Even while Major Dargue was flying came the gods' greatest boost to the selling of commercial aviation: the final heroism which brought you up-right in your chairs with the sudden realization that safe flying was at hand and proved. That it was not merely a passing thrill for which you paid five dollars at the fair grounds, but a marvelous agency of transportation—a modern improvement over, and supplement

to, ship and rail and high-way travel. Lindbergh flew to Paris.

And he flew it in a way that tackled and tied your faith. He flew it on schedule, to the dot. He flew from San Diego to St. Louis, on the dot. He flew from St. Louis to New York, on the dot. Then Paris. The French called it *chic*: Americans called it efficient, and realized that Lindbergh had but typified the daily scheduled work of hundreds of his mates on the air mail. He had more enterprise, perhaps, but certainly no more flying skill than many of them. For the first time you became intimately aware of the work of your air-mail pilots—proud of their skill, sanity and courage. Some day, when the history of the air mail comes to be set down, you will experience a grand sweep of recognition of the romance and bravery and color which a few postage stamps you have idly bought have added to the pageant of America.

Of course a tour was arranged for Lindbergh, again with the aid of the Guggenheim Fund. We now had a prototype of the "star closer," who comes to clinch the sale after the preliminary salesmen have softened your resistance. Books—libraries, I suppose—have been filled with stories of that tour. Hundreds of airports throughout the country did a banner business. Roads were choked on Sundays, for weeks afterward, by motorists striving to get to Lambert Field, Lindbergh's home port in St. Louis, to buy their first air hop. Hundreds of thousands of you went aloft for the first time that summer. The applications for student licenses grew from practically nothing to thousands. Yet probably but few of you who saw Lindbergh, or participated in the wave of air enthusiasm, realized that you were the targets of a deliberate sales campaign. There is one untold chapter of his tour, however, which so aptly touches the sorest difficulty of selling aviation to you that it has a place here.

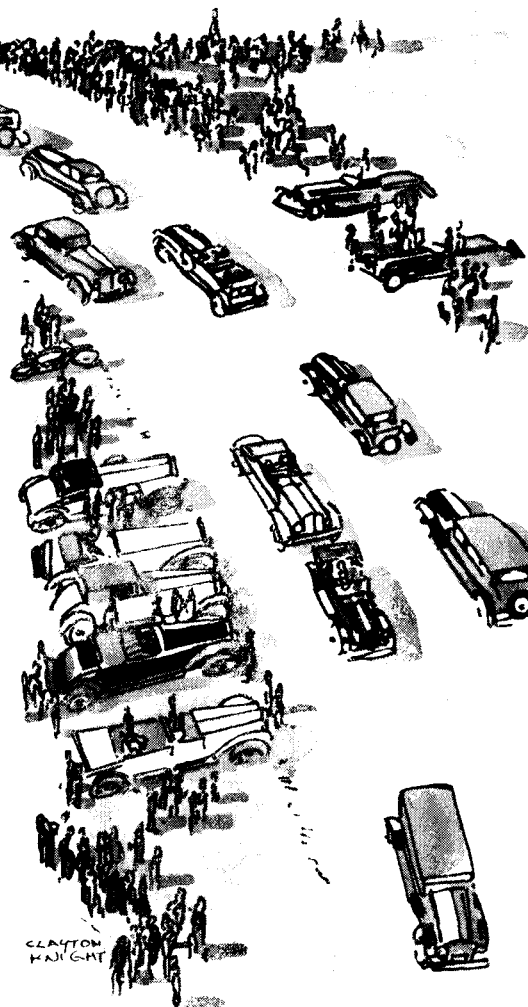
I shall always remember Lindbergh's

tour, I think, chiefly because of my friend the congressman. His name and his district are not important to the point. The congressman walked into my office just before the tour began.

"Mr. Secretary," he said, "I want you to arrange to have Colonel Lindbergh make a stop at each of the five communities in my district."

Selling a Congressman

Now, the time of Lindbergh's tour was limited. Straight lines had been drawn from important center to important center—population and air mail and air passenger possibilities considered. Yet, calculating hastily, we decided we could tack on a detour which would at least carry him over the congressman's home. I explained matters, and further, to pacify the congressman, offered to have (Continued on page 36)



Illustrated
by
Clayton
Knight

By
E. Phillips
Oppenheim



Illustrated by
T. D. Skidmore

"I saw you take it. Do you hear that, Tottie Green?
I saw him take it. Now, what's he got to say?"

The Lion and the Lamb

III

THE place was empty, and the luncheon hour almost past, when Abbs, with a hearty handshake, took his final leave of the new owner of his boxing academy. David for some time wandered round the place alone. The first of the staff to reappear was Sammy West. David marched him up to the office.

"Heard the news, West?" he asked pleasantly.

Sammy West—a good-looking, freckled-faced, sturdy young man—grinned.

"I had a pint with Tom Abbs on his way home," he confided. "He told me my job was all right, mister."

"Your job's more than all right," David assured him. "What are you making at it?"

"Four quid a week. I couldn't ask Tom any more, because I

knew he was barely making the place pay. My fights bring me in a bit, too, of course."

"Go slow with the fighting for a time," David enjoined. "I don't want you knocked out just when you might be useful. It's ten pounds a week for you, West, if you'll carry out instructions."

Sam West scratched his head.

"I'd always rather have regular money, sir," he admitted.

"I'll tell you what I want you to do, then," David continued. "Pick out the likely young men who come here for physical training, the adventurous ones

if you know what I mean, the young fellows who have got some insides to them, and enjoy a fight. Don't push out the others, but bring the likely ones together as much as you can. Train them with this one idea in your mind. I want them to be as quick as lightning on their feet, to keep keen and steady, and to acquire at any rate the elements of jujitsu.

"I want you to teach them this: that it's quite possible, at anything like close quarters, for them to tackle a man with either gun or knife, and put him out before he's had time to draw either. Do you get me, West? I want a band of fighters—clean, wholesome fighters—who are going to be clever enough with practice and discipline to tackle some of these professional gangsters. Can it be done, do you think?"

"AYE, sure it can be done," Sammy West assented. "It's a rummy go, though, all the same."

"Not so very," David assured him. "I've got lots of money, Sam, and I'm a good payer. There's a band of gangsters in this city whom I don't like, and they're going to get it. You train the lads. I'll do the rest. As you fix upon the likely ones, drop charging them anything. There'll be big pay coming as soon as I can make use of them."

"I'll do my best," West promised, as he took his leave. "There's plenty of 'em are only too keen on a bit of scrap."

The next arrivals, after the somewhat prolonged luncheon hour, were the two young lady typists.

"Young ladies," David inquired, "how

much do you get a week at this establishment?"

The girl who had previously shown her interest in him raised her eyebrows, but answered promptly:

"Three pounds each, and it isn't enough."

"Don't take your hats off," David begged. "Here's twelve pounds—a fortnight's pay. I've bought the business, and I have my own typists coming."

They both stared at him in amazement.

"Where's Mr. Abbs, then?" the one who seemed to have appointed herself spokesman demanded.

"Gone."

"What, never coming back?"

"Never coming back. Sold out. Retired. Gone for a cruise round the world."

"Why can't we stay on, please?" she pleaded. "If it's you who've bought the business, I should like to work for you."

He smiled.

"You'll consider it a trifling reason," he remarked, "unless you think it out, but I don't like the perfume you use."

She looked at him steadfastly for a moment. His face was like granite, his expression unyielding. She shrugged her shoulders. More than ever in that moment she seemed like an insignificant and less alluring counterpart of that strange goddess of the Bermondsey public house.

"Come along, Aimée," she said, turning to her companion. "I think," she added, looking over her shoulder at David, "that you will repent of your bargain before you're much older."

The Story Thus Far:

RETURNING from Australia to London, David Newberry finds himself penniless, and his father, Lord Newberry, refuses to help him. To save himself from starvation, he joins a band of criminals, taking an oath never to betray his associates to the police.

David and two others—Reuben Grossett and Cannon Ball Lem—go after the "Virgin's Tear," a valuable diamond belonging to Lady Frankley. In the act of stealing the jewel they are surprised. Reuben and Lem, locking a door to insure their escape, leave David to be captured.

On his release from prison David finds himself Lord Newberry, due to his father's death. He has but one ambition: to avenge himself. He will not break his oath, but will battle the criminals—alone!

He goes to the gang's headquarters, a filthy room in The Lion and the Lamb, a disreputable public house, boldly confronts the gang's powerful leader, Tottie Green, and makes a declaration of war.

Shortly thereafter David is attacked in his bedroom at the Milan Court Hotel by several members of the gang. He is given one minute to live—unless he reveals the hiding place of the "Virgin's Tear." Not knowing where the diamond is, he cannot tell them. Nevertheless, his life is spared. Then David starts his campaign. He needs a small "army"—jujitsu experts, not gunmen. Going to a popular gymnasium, he offers the proprietor, one Abbs, £5,000 for the establishment. Abbs accepts.

Lounging still on the edge of the couch, her hair tousled, her dress shamefully disarranged, her sleepy eyes only half open, Belle laughed a greeting at an unexpected visitor across the room.

"Daniel, come to revisit the Lion's Den," she mocked.

David looked away from her, with a queer little shiver, half of distaste, half of anger with himself that her flamboyant witchery should have the power to stir in him even the faintest feeling.

"You flatter your Chief, or whatever you choose to call him," he said scornfully.

She glanced across at the sleeping figure of Tottie Green. His waistcoat, as usual, was unbuttoned, his trousers covered with cigar ash. There was an unhealthy flush upon his cheeks as he snored stertorously.

"Rather more like a spider than a lion," David continued, contemplating him in disgust. "You should keep him from falling asleep sitting in that attitude. He'll have a fit one day. What an atmosphere! Don't you ever open the windows?"

"For an uninvited guest," she remarked, "you seem to me unnecessarily critical. And, anyway, what are you doing here? It isn't a healthy neighborhood for you. Perhaps you've come to hand over the diamond."

"The Milan Court wasn't a particularly healthy neighborhood either."

She smiled.

"They didn't hurt you. They went there meaning to put you out, but they changed their minds."

"What the devil made you interfere?" he asked swiftly.

She stared at him, her beautiful eyes wide open, her lips a little parted. This time he had certainly scored. Her armor of indifferent contempt had fallen away. She was startled.

"How did you know that I was there?" she demanded.

"I didn't exactly," he admitted. "I guessed. They certainly meant killing me. Something or somebody prevented them at the last moment. Was it you?"

She yawned.

"I'm always too tenderhearted," she lamented.

"How did you get there?"

"The same way that they did."

"And may I further inquire," he went on, "why you intervened?"

"Do you complain?"

"On the contrary," he assured her hastily, "I came here full of gratitude. I still ask myself, however, why?"

SHE swung herself on to her feet, smoothed down her skirt, arranged her masses of hair for a moment with indolent fingers.

"I wonder why?" she ruminated. "However, I'll tell you if you answer my question. How did you know that I'd been there?"

"Because," he confided, "you happen to use a very pungent and penetrating perfume. I detected traces of it when I came to this morning."

She sighed.

"What a mistake to be kind," she murmured. "You see what happens to me. I stayed with you for an hour after the others had left to be sure that no further harm came to you, and I pay for it in this way: I am detected. Shall you denounce

me, David? Shall you have me arrested for trespassing in the sacred precincts of the Milan Court?"

"I have already acknowledged," he reminded her, "that I have every reason to be grateful for your presence there. I have answered your question. What about mine?"

FOR a single moment he was startled by the light which flashed out of her eyes. Then, even as he looked at her, it was gone. The old mockery was there, half challenging, half scornful.

"You have cast a spell upon me," she declared. "I could not bear the thought of losing you. You are the only person likely to keep us alive in these days. The police have ceased even to amuse us. You, on the other hand, make life worth living. You strike terror into our souls. You are going to root us out, and exterminate us. Poor Daddy Green! Poor little worried Lambs, how they must all be fretting!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Mind if I take a seat?" he asked. "Perhaps you would honor me by trying one of my cigarettes."

He moved across the room to her, his flat gold case invitingly opened. As they stood together, he realized that she was as tall as he. He realized, too, with unwilling and rebellious admiration, the grace of her body, so slightly concealed by the flimsy nature of her apparel. She accepted the cigarette, and passed him a little fragment of cambric she had been holding.

"Recognize it?"

He bent over it, and nodded.

"I should know the perfume anywhere."

"Made for me in Grasse," she told him, "undistilled. I like my perfumes, as I like everything else in life—strong. Do you care for it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"For one reason," he replied, "I like

a perfume which belongs to one woman only. This I have met with before to-day, even since I left the Milan Court."

She sighed.

"That terrible little girl at Abbs's," she murmured. "She stole half a bottle once, and now I have to lock it up to keep it from her. She does typing for Reuben twice a week, dresses like me, dyes her hair, and hopes for the best."

"She isn't at Abbs's any longer," he told her.

"How do you know?"

"I sent her away this morning."

"You sent her away? What had you to do with it?"

"I've bought the business."

SHE threw herself into an easy-chair and rocked with laughter.

"Oh, David," she lamented, "why aren't you sensible? What's the use to you of all those youths in Abbs's gymnasium who have taken cheap boxing lessons? Why not come and join up here again? You would find a welcome. You can work with me, if you like."

He shook his head.

"I have crossed the borderline," he declared. "I am with the law now, not against it."

She scanned his Savile Row clothes, his generally well-turned-out appearance.

"Going to live on the Virgin's Tear, I suppose?"

"I never brought the Virgin's Tear away," he assured her.

"All my eye!" she scoffed, leaning a little farther back in her chair. "Where did your money come from, then?"

"Well, once more I'll answer your question if you'll answer mine."

"Go ahead," she invited.

"Precisely what relation are you to Tottie Green, and what are you doing in this galère?"

"In this what?"

"In this company. Cannon Ball Lem, for instance, Reuben, Fishy Tim—whom I haven't seen, by the bye, since I came out. I expect he's skulking somewhere."

"You'd have seen him last night if you'd been an owl," she confided. "He was at the foot of your bed, and he was the one who wanted to put you out."

"What about answering my question?" he interrupted.

"Why should I?" she rejoined lazily. "Don't you think that I belong?"

"In a way," he agreed. "Not altogether, though. I can imagine you driving the people crazy at the Moulin Rouge. I can imagine you being the inspiration of a matador at Barcelona, or the favorite of a millionaire sugar planter in Cuba, but I can't imagine you hanging round with Tottie Green, unless there was some reason for it."

"There is," she answered. "He is my father's partner, and I am going to wake him up. As for my question, you needn't answer it. I don't care where your money came from, or whether you've got any or not. The only thing I'd say to you is this: If you've got the Virgin's Tear anywhere in pawn and are living on that, chuck it and play the game. The lads will get you for it, and I shan't always be around to beg you off."

She rose to her feet, and crossed the room to where he was (Continued on page 40)



Swinging round, David made for the man from whose strange instrument was pouring a stream of what seemed to be water. He turned toward David

Beltarbet's Pride

By George R. Preedy

There is tragedy in this stately story of an Irish feud. But at the end there is the beauty and the solace of courage and nobility

THERE'S Lord Maskell's steward been this hour in the parlor; shall I send him on his road again?"

"And what will Lord Maskell's steward be doing here?" was the impatient answer.

"Nothing that's good, my lord. Shall I put him on his road again?"

The young man to whom this eager question was addressed dismounted from his beautiful horse, hesitated, then said: "No, I'll see him."

The servant, now holding the dark horse's head, protested with a stern anxiety:

"You'll see him? And it's the steward—the gentleman not coming himself?"

Lord Beltarbet paused on the steps of his decayed mansion. The wind was blowing about his hair, the autumn leaves scurried round his feet; it was the earliest hour of a lovely, soft twilight.

"Maybe there's trouble," mused he, smiling wistfully at the servant. "I've heard there'll be more risings in County Clare—maybe in County Wicklow."

"That, my lord," replied the stately servant, with a hard, grim look, "will be no affair of Lord Maskell or his steward."

"They're English," said Beltarbet, with cold bitterness, and he entered his ancient, ill-kept house. He flung off his hat in the shabby hall and, still holding his riding whip behind him, entered the parlor where the Englishman waited.

THE Englishman introduced himself—Mr. Simon Ware, Lord Maskell's agent; though his manner was respectful, the little neat man conveyed perfectly well that he knew he was one of the conquerors speaking to one of the conquered; his very civility had an air of pity.

To him the dark young man in the worn riding suit was merely a member of a despised and defeated race, the descendant of generations of rebels whose estates and titles were confiscated, and who was only suffered to retain such property and barren honors as he possessed through the charity of the British Government.

Lord Beltarbet had naturally another estimation of himself, and it was one that was shared by thousands of his countrymen. Beltarbet should have been one of the least of his titles and Fournaghts one of the least of his demesnes; he was by right Clare and Thomond, this Murrough O'Brien, one of the most famous names in Ireland.

The O'Briens had been princes in Clare before the Romans entered Britain, and generations of them had fallen on foreign battlefields rather than submit to the English; but Beltarbet's father had come home to die, and through the intercession of kindly folk at St. James' this little parcel of land in Wicklow and this small title of honor had been allowed to the last of the Princes of Clare.

Lord Maskell, whose steward stood near him now, had been granted most of the Clare estate and it was rumored

that the young Englishman, who had rendered brilliant service in the field, was soon to be rewarded with a revival in his favor of the ancient titles of Clare and Thomond. Lord Beltarbet, who had grown up with pride and poverty, bitter, reckless, thriftless, trained in nothing but loneliness, hated all the English, and hated more than any other man Lord Maskell, who ruled in Clare and who was on the Lord Lieutenant's staff—definitely one of the conquerors.

The agent was not discomposd by the young man's stormy glance, but came concisely and with no show

Illustrated by
John
Richard
Flanagan



Beltarbet had met a lady who had caused dreams to stir in his desolate heart

of hesitation to the heart of his errand.

"Lord Maskell charged me to ask, sir, if you would reconsider your refusal in the matter of Diarmuid, the horse?"

"You've wasted your errand," returned Beltarbet, dryly; "six months ago I told your master that the horse was not for sale."

"Lord Maskell thought," said the Englishman, smoothly, "that possibly you had reconsidered. He is prepared to give even a higher price—he recognizes he is a very beautiful animal."

"There's no finer horse in Ireland," cried Beltarbet, with a flash.

"There'll be no finer price ever paid for a horse, if you take what Lord Maskell offers. It's fifteen thousand pounds, and that"—with a sly glance round the staring poverty of the room—"is a large sum, Lord Beltarbet."

"I'll not sell the horse—the money is nothing to me."

"You said as much before, Lord Beltarbet," the Englishman reminded him,



young man as well as the disappointment to his master. "Lord Maskell meant to enter him for the races. The Lord Lieutenant is entering Comet, the English horse—"

"And I am entering mine—Diarmuid," said Beltarbet, sternly.

Mr. Simon Ware was definitely surprised. His pursed lips and his raised eyebrows showed that he considered it an ostentatious and ridiculous gesture of defiance for a penniless young Irishman to dare to compete in races which were the diversion of the English gentlemen in Dublin.

"There'll be a good many guineas on him—all that I and my friends can scrape up," said Beltarbet, frowning him down.

"You'd be safer, sir, to take the money that's offered; it is a reckless risk to put all on the hazard of the winning of a race."

"My family," smiled Beltarbet, bitterly, "are used to living at a hazard, sir."

The Englishman rose, took his hat and cane, and smiled agreeably.

"Just one word of warning, sir," he said, with a dry compassion for the dark young man. "It is well for you to have some friend at the viceregal court. . . . The times are difficult for one in your position. . . . Lord Maskell might be able, some day, to do you a service."

"The day when I shall ask Lord Maskell, or any other Englishman, to do me a service will never dawn," replied Beltarbet, quietly. "You may tell your master as much. He has got my estates and will have, I hear, my titles. He has Earl Sigurd's bowl, which was my last treasure. He shall not have the horse. I have no more to say, sir, nor any hospitality to offer you."

THE Englishman bowed, by no means discomposd. "There are rumors of trouble," he said, flicking his gloves on his hat. "I live in Dublin. I hear a good deal that, perhaps, does not come to your Lordship's ears in Fournaghts. A Roman Catholic gentleman with Irish sympathies would do well to be very

slyly, "in the matter of Earl Sigurd's bowl."

My lord turned his back upon the speaker and struggled for control by tapping the handle of his riding-whip on the worn window-frame; in all his short, unhappy life he had never done anything that he reviewed with such remorse and regret as the selling of Earl Sigurd's bowl, the last treasure of his family, which, according to a lovingly credited tradition, had been taken from the defeated invader by an O'Brien on the fierce and bloody field of Clontarf.

"I sold the bowl to keep the horse," he muttered, "and that's enough."

"Fifteen thousand pounds?" queried Mr. Ware, distantly, casually.

Beltarbet faced him:

"You know my poverty; you do not know, it seems, some other things of me. The horse is not for sale."

"A pity!" The steward seemed to regret the sumptuous foolishness of this



careful during the next few weeks."

"Careful!" cried Beltarbet. "And why should I be careful? I've neither wife nor child; I'm the last of my house; I have nothing to lose. Tell your master that, if he sent this warning."

"And you'll not sell the horse offered for in a fair and friendly fashion?"

"Good-day to you, Mr. Ware!"

Lord Maskell's steward drove away in his neat carriage from the demesne of Fournaghts. Beltarbet came out on to the sunken threshold step and into the sweet windy evening. Luke Tandy, the servant, was waiting there like a sentinel.

"He came to buy the horse," said Beltarbet. "That was his errand, Luke."

"You've sent him away?" asked Tandy, eagerly.

"I've sent him away," smiled Beltarbet. "I am putting Diarmuid into the October races and I'll ride the horse, though all the English in Ireland be there to laugh at me."

"Did he say anything of the troubles?" asked Luke Tandy, keenly scanning his master's face.

"He gave me some manner of warning," replied Beltarbet; "maybe from his master. But what's the matter for that to me. I've nothing in the world to lose—except the horse and you, Luke Tandy."

He smiled into the elder man's eyes. They stood shoulder to shoulder, the same height, something of the same build; but forty years, and all the difference between royal and peasant blood, between them. They loved each other.

Luke Tandy had twice saved the life of Beltarbet's father in foreign battles; Luke Tandy had brought Beltarbet himself, as a small child, home to the miserable demesne that was all that was left to the heir of Clare. Luke Tandy had taught him all he knew of arms and horsemanship, and brought him up in love and lore of Ireland, the legends and history of it, the tales of the Shee and other unseen folk that haunt the oppressed and desolate land. Luke

Tandy had served him, without wage or thought of a wage, for a poor bare living; he had been his close companion, his loving teacher in wood and field, walking by the banks of the Liffey, strolling in the shaded valley of Clara, riding through the haunted hollows of Boyne fields, beneath the tombs of Irish kings, or climbing the noble sides of Slieve Donard, blue in the blue. To Luke Tandy, Beltarbet was a prince of ancient and pure race, and a boy dearer to him than his own two sons whom he had lost in the dreary hardships of long exile.

Beltarbet gazed earnestly at the face of his one friend, companion and servant.

"I had no right to refuse to sell the horse," he said. "There were pride and temper in that, although the animal is my own darling. I should have taken the money, and, maybe, built up the house again, and helped the creatures who starve to pay my rent, and see that you had more comfort and less work, Luke Tandy."

"There is no money could pay for the horse, my lord; haven't you bred him and broken him yourself, with perhaps some help from me? Isn't he famous not only in Ireland but in England? Isn't he like a glory to the house, and an honor and a credit and a pride to you? We have so little—God help us!—for which to take honor and glory and credit."

BELTARBET knew that. The horse stood for beauty and nobility in his life, which was otherwise so thriftless and barren. The animal had always seemed to him of more than mortal grace and power, as if he came from

the Shee, or was a descendant of the immortal steeds of fire and wings who had borne the Princes of Clare into a hundred battles.

But Beltarbet shook his head sadly and mocked at himself.

"I paid more than I could afford for the horse. I sold Earl Sigurd's bowl to keep him, and I had no right to refuse the price for him, Luke Tandy. This poverty is breaking the heart in me and I need the money, if it's only to pay for my journey away, so that the English shall not see how I die."

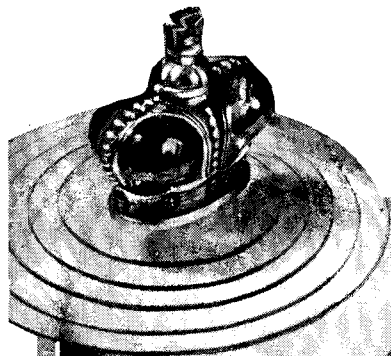
Beltarbet argued passionately with the British officer that it was a mistake; he could swear to it

"You'll win the race and make a fortune," consoled the old servant, peering at his master lovingly and wistfully through the increasing azure twilight, so soft, so pure.

"I'll win the race," said Beltarbet, "but who'll put money on an Irish horse whose owner cannot afford to give him a rider but must ride him himself? The Catholic gentlemen have no money, Luke Tandy, and the English will bet on their own animals. But I'll do it, just to beat Maskell's horse—just for once in my (Continued on page 49)

On the Scent

By Betty Thornley



Attractive perfume bottles in the form of amber pyramids and the Matchabelli coronet

Essence of celery, essence of carrot, essence of pepper—not a witch's incantation, but ingredients in some of Prince Matchabelli's bewitching perfumes. But before you choose a perfume, rub some into your skin and see whether it chooses you. Just a matter of chemistry, not favoritism

FATE is a goddess with a sense of humor. She sees a career on the boil, she drops in a new ingredient that nobody else would have thought of—and out comes a product so far from conventional expectations that her friends on Olympus laugh for a week.

Twenty-four years ago she saw a tall slim young chemistry student at the University of Berlin. His father owned oil wells in Baku, and when his college course was over, he intended to settle on his Georgian estates in the largest sort of leisure, casting negligent eyes once in a while on the engineers who blackened far-off skies with labor done for his profit. A good enough career—but cut to pattern and therefore unexciting.

So Fate stretched a long forefinger down into Paris where a pretty lady had just been given a bottle of perfume that pleased her immensely—and swished off the label into the nearest wastebasket. Then, ever so gently, Fate pushed the lady on a train for Berlin and left her alone till the bottle was almost empty.

Ladies have fixed ideas on the subject of fragrances, and the prettier they are, the more they insist on having their own way. This one wanted another bottle of that same perfume more than anything else in the world. She'd have jumped on the train and gone back, but she didn't know the name of her obses-

sion nor where it came from, and the giver was far away.

"A chemistry student?" she said to the tall young Georgian whom she met one evening. "Then of course you can analyze anything!" If she hadn't been so pretty, the answer mightn't have been what it was, but who could bear to belittle himself in such marvelous eyes?

"Certainly," said the tall young man, "positively *anything*."

Discovering His Nose

Next morning, a considerably humbler person appeared before his professor after a lecture that had nothing to do with such butterfly subjects as fragrance. The old man looked over his glasses at the young one and said his question was very droll. Perfume

chemistry was a special branch of the science—but there were books. The main thing, however, was the possession of a nose. The professor didn't have one—in the technical sense—but perhaps the rash young man did. They were very rare.

It wasn't an overnight job, but success came at last. He read, studied, experimented—his interest grew. Discovering the base and the main ingredients, he found, wasn't such an impossible task. The new perfume didn't quite duplicate the first, but the pretty lady liked it even better. It seemed that he had a nose. Having proved the fact, he forgot all about it.

If you or I had been writing this story, we'd never have had the patience to wait a dozen years for the next move, but that's how Fate gets her most

amusing effects. The second thing she dropped was a bomb that shook the world, ripped Georgia to pieces and flung our hero across half of Europe and the whole Atlantic Ocean. As he sat, figuratively speaking, nursing his head on the corner of Madison Avenue and one of the upper Fifties, he suddenly remembered the lady and the bottle. A man with estates in Georgia doesn't need a nose; a victim of the Russian revolution in New York shouts, "Eureka!" and follows it to fortune. Last year Prince Matchabelli's perfumes won the Grand Prix in France, Belgium and Italy—the first American exhibits ever to be so honored.

Millions Spent

This new perfume wizard believes that the women in this country have a lot to learn about fragrances in general—choosing them, using them, changing them, thinking about them.

The United States spent between forty and fifty millions last year for perfumes—a total to make the Puritans split their shrouds and turn over twice.

Nobody seems to know how many different kinds of odors there are, nor just why the national nose twitches this way and that, turning from some of them and sniffing up others, making a man's fortune this year and throwing all the custom to his competitor twelve months later.

Perhaps no one woman today can launch a new vogue in perfumes as was done periodically in days gone by, when queens were queens and courts copied even the way they lifted their eyebrows. Until the time of Marie Antoinette powerful perfumes were favored; her preference for violet and rose started a new school, the aim of

Prince Georges Matchabelli in his laboratory compounding one of his perfumes



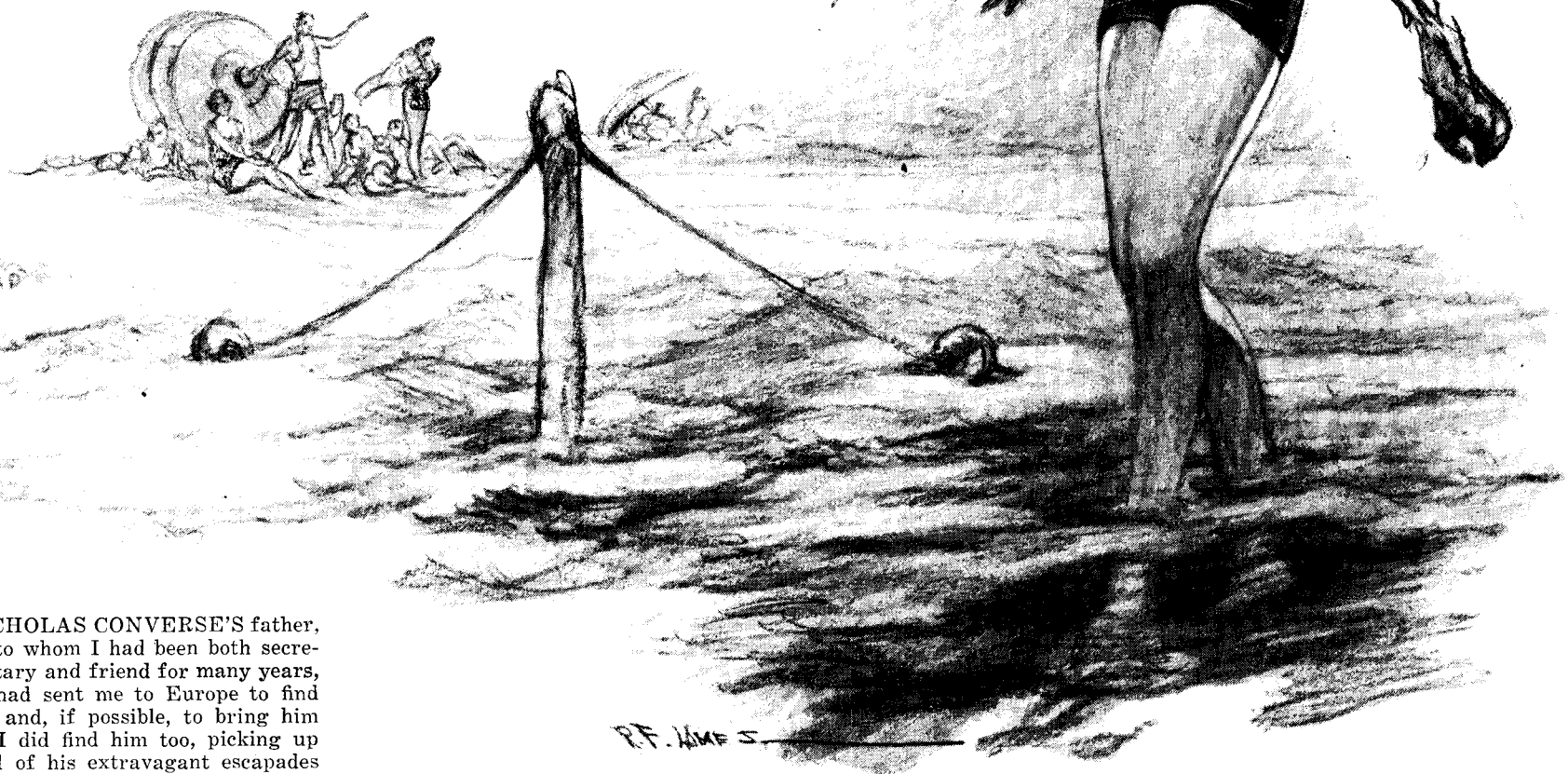
which was delicacy and a certain deliberate simplicity quite in key with the great lady who played shepherdess. Josephine, on the contrary, brought back strong perfumes from her tropical Martinique—particularly musk, which Napoleon damned in good round military phrases. He used Eau de Cologne in preposterous quantities, but the ladies of the day followed the fair Creole. No one is surprised to learn that Queen Victoria had no use for sensuous scents; her sweet and somewhat stodgy Essence Bouquet set quite another fashion which England, at least, considered the only permissible type of fragrance for a discreet handkerchief.

But with Victoria the day of queens was pretty well over. The first great wave of emancipation, associated with the name of no (Continued on page 31)

Sailcloth and Satin

By Stephen
Morehouse Avery

An old sea dog does a foolish thing—because he is wise in the ways of love



She stood up, kicked through the shallow water, and joined a group of hilarious young people on the beach

NICHOLAS CONVERSE'S father, to whom I had been both secretary and friend for many years, had sent me to Europe to find the boy and, if possible, to bring him home. I did find him too, picking up the trail of his extravagant escapades in London and following it through Paris, Cannes, Monte Carlo, down to Algiers, back again to Biarritz, and finally to that bright little Basque country bay painted against the purple of the Pyrenees and called St. Jean de Luz. As for taking him home—well, that was another matter.

There was nothing surprising in Nick's being at St. Jean. Many Americans went there; the season was getting under way; the band was playing on the Casino terrace; yachts were in the bay; a double line of spangled bathing tents stretched along the beach. In fact, the old man had mentioned the place as a possibility. "And if you find him, Norris, tell him I understand. Their war wounded a lot more youngsters than were hit with gas or steel, you know. Nick was too young for it. He's only twenty-seven now." Echoes of the London scandal and that falling over the rail of a channel steamer, although the papers called it an accident, had the old man desperately worried.

And so, having heard enough vivid descriptions before luncheon at the little tables in front of Maxim's little cocktail bar to be sure it all applied to Nick, I nevertheless returned to the Golf Hotel at four-thirty without having located him. In the garden, shaded with fleecy green tamarisks, I met that old India army veteran, Colonel Wingate, and also his wife. They were shipboard friends of another year.

I managed to postpone an invitation to their villa and we strolled across the street to the sea wall and stood there chatting and watching the craft in the almost perfect circle, except for an entrance gap in the breakwater of the bay. There was one full-fledged steam yacht, another cabin cruiser, a beautiful spick-and-span schooner yacht, a sloop or two and, farther out, a black bulk with loose red sails which lay as heavily in the water as a long soaked log. Wingate was as interested in boats as I was, particularly in the evolution of types, and he gave me some details.

"SHE'S an old Dutch pilot boat, Norris, a ketch technically, built of sixteen-inch timber fifty years ago, and as solid today. Used to hull off St. Catherine's, Isle of Wight, and work the liners bound in for Amsterdam. Old Bretherton sailed her all over the world as long as he could afford a crew. Now she winters tied up in the Ardour at Bayonne and comes over here in summer. Bretherton? What! Well, he's an admiral in the British navy to begin with. Retired of course. Some family trouble in England, besides taking a large part of his pension, has left him somewhat sardonically bitter with life and the land."

I forgot all about the ketch, hearing about Bretherton. Mrs. Wingate had left us in disgust. Apparently she did not approve of the admiral. "Let's get a dinghy and go aboard if you're interested," suggested the colonel. "I know Bretherton well and, although he'll probably appear in duck trousers and not even an undershirt, he'll give us tea like the gentleman he is. He's enough of an old beau at any rate when he comes ashore. In evening dress or uniform he gives the ladies a stir even now. He's a man with a reputation and, of course, there's the feeling that he shouldn't raise a daughter like that."

"Like that?"

"I'll tell you later."

I knew there was small chance of encountering Nick until the crowd came to the Casino that night and so I went along with Wingate. We found a fisherman on the quay with a tender from one of the sardine boats and were soon being rowed across the half mile of smooth water towards the ketch. Her name, painted crudely on the black hull, was Albatross.

"The old boy has a flair for names," explained the colonel. "He christened his girl South Wind, and the only way people could humanize it for the poor youngster was to call her Sue. She's about twenty and has lived on that an-

cient little tub ever since she was twelve. A knotty old graybeard serves in the rôle of crew, and they have a sort of companion, an English woman about whom there is some doubt—as to whose companion she really is, I mean. Altogether, although Bretherton claims Sue loves the sea as much as he does, it's no life for a pretty girl."

As soon as we were up the ladder and on deck we saw her sitting in the sunlight on a coil of rope, her faintly tanned young body clad only in a much-darned slip of a bathing suit. She jumped up to greet us with a charming want of self-consciousness.

"Father's below. You'll be in time for tea."

One glance at the warm dark beauty of her hair and eyes, and also the timbre of her voice, robbed that name, South Wind, of any strangeness. She went on asking the health of Wingate's wife, as incongruously proper as a curate's daughter. Up forward the "crew" was sleepily daubing the rusty anchor chain with black paint.

WINGATE hallooed down the companionway and, standing behind him, I got something of a shock. A tall, strikingly distinguished man of perhaps fifty-eight or sixty came to the foot of the steps. He had a rolled sheet wrapped



Yes, he knew it by then. It was Sue, not the sea. She was the first great want in Nick Converse's life

around him, sarong fashion. Otherwise he was brown and bare. "Who's that?" he called up. "Oh, glad to see you, Wingate. Who's with you?" He acknowledged a long-distance introduction. "Splendid. Come along down and have some tea. I'll put on a shirt."

Down in that comfortably fitted cabin, the full width of the boat, a woman in sailor's blouse and trousers, whom I judged to be the cook as well as the companion, was putting bread and marmalade and tea cups on the table. I was reminded of Wingate's remark that they really "hadn't a bean."

Yet it was a pleasant party. My American failure to appreciate tea was solaced with a whisky and soda, and the talk was of far-away places and ships. Volumes of Shakespeare lay about from which, I learned later, the admiral read aloud to the rest of them. Surely his talk was cultivated and witty, even if

a bit edged at times with contempt for normal things. Miss Finn, the companion, white-faced and silent, caressed ceaselessly the huge brown teapot.

AND then I became aware of the girl, sitting there as naturally in her bathing suit as if gowned for a garden party and her eyes never leaving me, my face, my tie, my waistcoat, shoes. Such a yearning was there and it came to me suddenly that it was because I was something new from the land, anything so long as it was a land thing. They could tell me how much she loved the sea after that, but I would know she loathed it. One reads that sort of longing for life in the eyes of the jailed. Her expression changed, I thought, to one of alarm when her father, the admiral, began showing me their tiny sleeping quarters.

"See here, Norris, I had to cut away five inches of timber to fit in that little desk. There's eleven inches left though. We could sail her to Singapore and never miss the five. I can't show you the port-side cabin at the moment. We've a guest asleep in there."

Colonel Wingate pricked up his ears, and I could see that Sue was more nervous than ever. "What do you mean, Bretherton? What sort of guest?"

"Well, he's a countryman of yours, Norris," said Bretherton, turning to me. "I myself was ashore in Biarritz most of last night. About two o'clock the women here heard a call and once on deck they made out a commotion in the water fifty yards off the stern. He was going down all right. Sue went in in her pajamas and somehow got the fellow to the ladder. He was fully dressed in a dinner jacket, half drowned, and more than half, as you

say, tight. In town this morning I heard that he and a wild young drunk named Terris tried to swim to the breakwater on a bet. Terris of course quit in fifty yards. This fellow's name is something like Convent."

I DIDN'T need to be told. But it took half an hour's argument by both Wingate and myself to convince the admiral that I ought to be allowed to look in and make sure. A glance was enough: the tanned, high-cheek-boned Converse face and brown hair which I knew so well, lying dark against the pillow, were unmistakable. One bare, long-muscled arm had escaped the blankets in his sleep and it was so evidently a particular sort of sleep that I could do no more than write out a card asking Nick to find me later on at the Golf Hotel—while that dark-eyed girl watched me distrustfully and twisted a tea napkin in her fingers until it raveled.

So I wasn't there that night and know only because neither of them ever came quite to hate me. Nick climbed up on deck about eleven. His shirt and collar had been laundered and his suit pressed. In what must have been her party dress, a simple creation in white chiffon, she stood at the low rail staring shoreward at the gaudy flare of lights around the Casino.

Nick strode across the deck and stood beside her, his gaze following the direction of hers. For a moment neither of them spoke and then he passed a hand in front of his eyes and made a gesture of abhorrence towards the shore. "I wonder if you know how I hate it," he said. "If I were an incendiary, I would begin with all the casinos and bars in Europe—and finish up with the ballrooms. Then I would have a boat like this with only riding lights and the stars. Look at the stars! If I lift you up, you can reach that yellow one."

She moved almost imperceptibly from his side and did not reply for so long that he turned and glanced down at her curiously. "Well, no wonder," he said. "No wonder you are so calm and lovely. I mean you've lived with the sea and the sky, and I've lived mostly with—that muck." When she stood looking at him and still was silent, he added doubtfully: "Surely you don't envy anybody when you have this?"

A FAINT sigh, a release of breath, escaped her as if she had decided something, as if the tenseness of a moment of choice were over. "Of course I don't," she said.

Seated together on the hatch cover he asked her about the previous night. "You pulled me out, didn't you? I know because I had a memory of your face. And took care of me afterward, I suppose?"

She nodded with no trace of embarrassment; for she was accustomed to men. "Your knees were up to your chin with cramp. Miss Finn helped me. Father was ashore, at Biarritz. My father is Admiral Bretherton."

"Admiral? And your own name is—?" "South Wind."

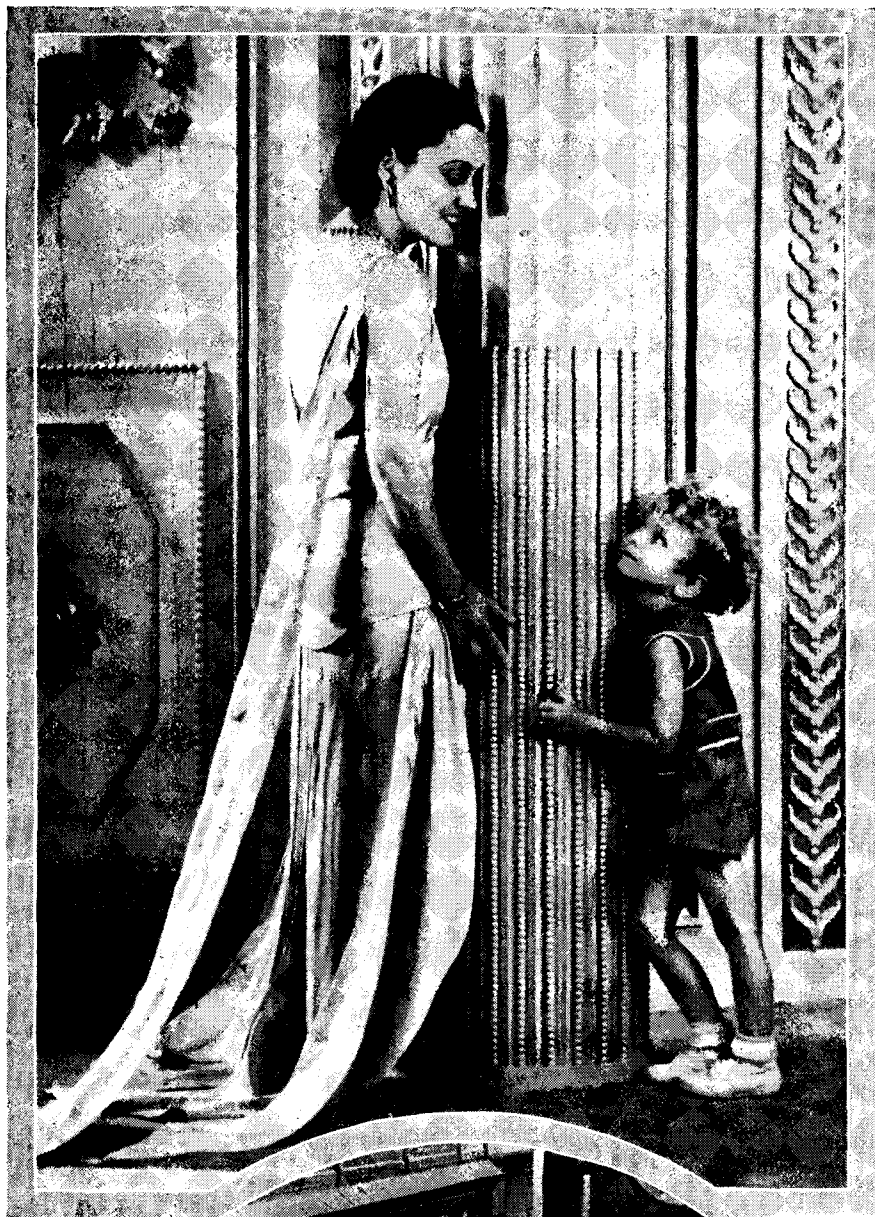
She flushed. It was her first confusion. It was not a name that a normal girl would have and some of her craving to be as other girls was expressed by the alacrity with which she added: "But I am called Sue."

Nick Converse went on murmuring "South Wind" at intervals during the next half hour while they talked of her father, the Albatross, what one found in this port and that. "Maybe," he suggested, "your father would take me on as deck hand. I'd work for my keep."

Bretherton came out from shore in the dinghy tender and perhaps, since he was superbly in evening dress and had been (Continued on page 47)

The Screen: A wistful little cherub named Wally Albright helps Gloria Swanson find her voice in her first United Artists talkie, *The Trespasser*, in which a singing stenographer's romance rides over the rocks

E. A. Bachrach



The Look of

The Stage: An upright Schenectady song writer heeds the call of Tin Pan Aliey and is guided safely through the gold diggers' mines by playwrights Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman in their new comedy, *June Moon*. The gilded sisters below, Lee Patrick and Jean Dixon, are quite deaf to the rally 'round the piano as Harry Rosenthal, the com-

White Studio



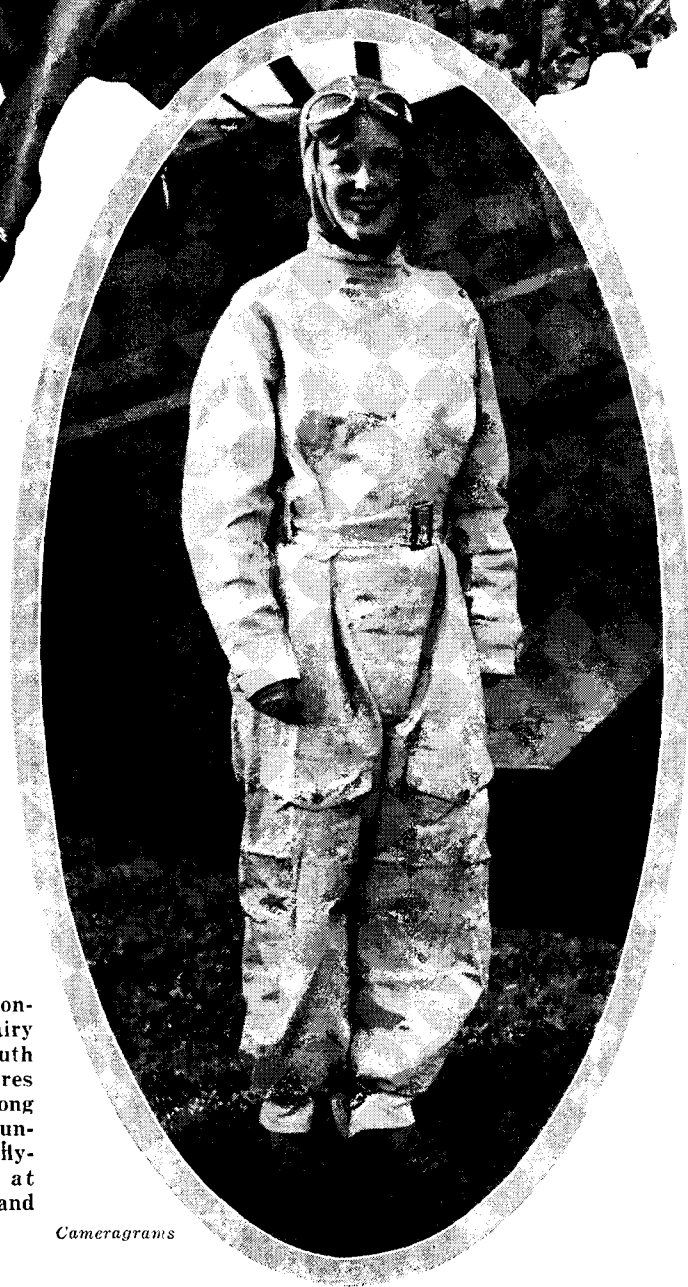
Underwood & Underwood

The Sport: Christmas shopping now takes the field as one of those annual classics the sports writers love to glorify. All roads lead to Main Street during this hectic season—and the man pays, and drays, and prays

Wide World

The Aviatix: A "monkey suit" and an airy mood cloak Miss Ruth Jones as she prepares for a hop at the Long Island Aviation Country Club, society's flying rendezvous at Hicksville, Long Island

Cameragrams



the Month

poser and orchestra leader, who is now making his first hit on the stage, tantalizes the keyboard while Frank Otto gazes with pride upon his lyrical protégé, Norman Foster, an aspiring home-town boy



The Adventurers: Armed with sound cameras, color cameras and ordinary movie cameras, the Martin Johnsons will spend the next two years photographing pygmy animals in the vast outdoor studios of the African jungle



White Studio

The Stage: A bright footlight future is predicted by the stage stars for Miss Florence D. Rice, fair daughter of Collier's sports writer, Grantland Rice, and a member of the June Moon cast

The Fashion: All ready for snowbanks and icy winds in her Norwegian gabardine skiing suit of dark blue with blue beret. The novelty jersey scarf takes its colors from the blue suit, white pull-on gloves and burgundy socks. From Abercrombie and Fitch



© Keystone

The Author: Serially speaking, E. Phillips Oppenheim is a heavy mystery man. All you doubters may prove this statement by turning to page 12 of this issue



Bradley



Bradley

The Fashion: No wonder this skating girl looks happy; she's both warm and smart in her yellow chamois jacket and circular skirt of dark brown cheviot tweed. Her tuck-in wool polo shirt and soft wool cap match the skirt. From De Pinna

With Love

By Frederick Skerry

A Short Short Story
complete on this page



Illustrated by
Cornelius
Hicks

Mapes read the typed words and sent a swift glance of understanding into her blue eyes. "Yes," he smiled. "That's fine"

KINGDON MAPES was what he would call "jumpy" this morning. He was in anything but a peaceful mood for a long day's work. And the pile of mail before him assumed an unwonted formidableness.

Dubiously he glanced up from a half-opened envelope to Miss Sutton, sitting across the room, back to him, complacently peering into a tiny mirror and powdering her nose. Mapes squirmed with annoyance. Couldn't she sit for five minutes without doing that? During the six days that she had worked for him he had observed the frequency with which she used that powder pad. It had got on his nerves.

Now, since he had selected Miss Sutton from a score of applicants because of her superiority over the others in a test he had given them, and since she happened to combine stenographic efficiency with personal attractiveness, he really had no cause to complain. Mapes, a sociable bachelor, believed usefulness and ornamentation a desirable combination.

But Miss Sutton overdid the beautification process. No nose demanded such constant attention. In the judgment of a girl who must be left at times in charge of his affairs he wanted those affairs to come first and vanity second. Miss Sutton appeared to reverse this order. He must speak to her about it.

But not now; later, when he could discuss the subject calmly, judiciously. No sense in taking out on the girl his

resentment with himself. She wasn't to blame for the wreck of his nerves after a party at the country club. What a night!

The last letter of his mail added to the pile on the desk, Mapes relaxed a little, frowning reflectively as he recalled incidents of the previous evening. The recollection of his promise to go on Culver's note for a thousand brought a vague uneasiness. Had he not been feeling pretty good, full of the sudden comradeship that often develops at parties, he would not have promised. But Hammond had said that he had already endorsed another note of Culver's for a thousand; that had seemed a recommendation.

YET Mapes realized now that he knew neither of the men very well. Both had joined the club during the drive for members. They were exceptional golf players, pleasant companions, and good fellows generally. Promoters both. Perhaps his nerves were making him distrustful. Oh, well, the note would be for a thousand only, and he had already won half that much from Culver—and Hammond, too—at poker. He would be risking only five hundred, or so. And perhaps Culver would forget the promise.

But Culver did not forget. At eleven o'clock he and Hammond appeared at Kingdon Mapes' office. Neither looked the worse for his participation in the wild party at the club.

"Some party!" Culver laughed when they had taken seats close to Mapes' desk. "Feel okay, Mapes, old boy?"

"Rotten," Mapes confessed. "Nerves all shot."

"Well," Culver marveled, "you don't look it."

"Looks fit as a fiddle to me," Hammond grinned admiringly. "Able to be on the job, anyhow."

"Speaking of business," Culver said, drawing some papers from his breast pocket, "I've brought that note we were talking about last night. Mighty good of you, old man, to help me out. Your endorsement is the best recommendation to the First National I could have." He reached over and laid the note on Mapes' desk.

Somewhat reluctantly Mapes picked up the note and examined it. It was in order—a ninety-day contract between Culver and the First National Bank for one thousand dollars. Turning it face downward on the desk, he reached for an ornate fountain pen that slanted from an onyx stand. But at a touch on his arm he turned inquiringly.

With a wink of caution, Hammond indicated Miss Sutton, who had begun to powder her nose with her customary complacency. "Come outside for a second," he whispered.

Mapes glanced apologetically at Culver, and Culver grinned. "Oh, don't mind me," he said. But his eyes narrowed as he watched Mapes follow Hammond into the corridor.

When they returned a moment later Miss Sutton's machine was clattering busily. As Mapes approached she snatched the sheet from the machine and laid it on her desk. "Excuse me, Mr. Mapes!" she said, looking up at him. "But will you tell me if this is all right?"

Mapes bent over and read the typed words. He sent a swift glance of understanding into her blue eyes. "Yes," he smiled, folding the letter sheet and thrusting it into a side pocket, "that's fine."

Then, while Miss Sutton resumed her powdering, he returned to his chair, took the pen from its holder, and wrote quickly on the back of the note. Blotting it, he turned it over and, with an indifferent glance at its face, handed it to Culver.

"Much obliged, old boy!" Culver smiled, laying the note on the papers in his hand and slipping the packet into his pocket.

"Don't mention it!" Mapes replied, with a wave of his hand. "It's a pleasure."

With the closing of the door Miss Sutton dropped her compact into an open drawer and spun her chair to face Kingdon Mapes. He calmly met her accusing gaze. All his irritation had miraculously disappeared, his nerves were back where they belonged.

"The first note was for a thousand," he told her, "but the second was for six!"

"But—" she hesitated, "but you signed it!"

Even as his eyes widened with wonder he laughed. "Wait till they see what they thought was my signature. I wrote only, *Con amore!*"

"Con—" Miss Sutton's smooth brow wrinkled a little. "Con who?"

"You never studied Italian, I see—or music. Well, *con* is Italian for with, and *amore* means love."

THEREUPON Miss Sutton showed that she had, at least, a very musical laugh. "Oh," she cried, "wouldn't you love to be there when they find out?"

"Wouldn't I, though! The crooks!" Mapes drew the folded letter sheet from his pocket. "But see here—" he read again the single line of typewriting: "The paper on your desk is not the one you left there." How did you know—?"

"Why," Miss Sutton explained, without a sign of embarrassment, "I saw him in my compact mirror when he changed the papers."

"You saw—in your little mirror?" Mapes stared at her with new eyes.

"Certainly." She reached to the open drawer and found the compact.

Opening it, she came over and passed it across his desk.

Mapes peered into the tiny convex glass, saw his whole head reduced to Lilliputian proportions against a background of the room behind him. Snapping the lid shut, he examined the tawdry thing, its finish worn off in places.

"See here!" he proposed, rising to return it. "Would you mind if I bought you a *real* one of these things?"

"That would be all right with me," she shrugged, proceeding to powder her nose. "I certainly could use one."

The Scorching Spotlight

Accidents will happen, but it's tragic when a sports hero blunders at a crucial moment and the fans' cheers shift to jeers

By Grantland Rice

THE seamy side of modern sport is full of rough and cutting edges, for the higher men climb the deeper they must plunge if they slip. And there are few who don't take a tumble.

The path of the hero or headliner in sport is not always blanketed with violets and daffodils. This goes for almost any sport you can name—especially the sports that wander out beneath the great white spotlight of publicity, such as football, baseball, boxing and golf. When this spotlight beats down it can glare upon almost as much suffering and shame as the joy and glory it shines upon. For the average human would rather go goat hunting than lion hunting.

Fred Merkle made a somewhat careless blunder over twenty years ago that many others had made before him, but the crowd has never forgotten it because the lapse came at the vital moment of a decisive game. Many other well-known ball players had failed to run from first base to second when the winning run was scampering over the plate, considering the game over at this point. Almost no comment had ever been made about such occurrences until Merkle, one of the smartest men on the team, failed to touch second in a game that was to win or lose a bitterly fought pennant race.

That made the difference. And what a difference!

All through the last baseball season Hack Wilson, of the Chicago Cubs, had been one of the main factors in hauling and hammering his team along the winning path. His home runs, his hard hitting, his hustling and his general play had been a big factor in giving the Cubs another pennant. He was on his way to stand as one of the big heroes of the world series.



This spotlight's glare can cause as much suffering and shame as it does joy and glory

The Cubs had lost their two home games. After this they had come to Philadelphia and had won the third. They had the fourth game in hand by the crushing margin of eight to nothing when the seventh inning came along. Here was an eight-run lead, with an able pitcher in there holding the enemy helpless.

A Tragic Hack

This victory would have given the Cubs a great chance to clean up the show. Then, with men on bases, on two occasions fly balls suddenly sailed out in Hack Wilson's direction. These fly balls traveled in the direct path of the sun. They disappeared into the flame, against the background of a blinding blue sky. Wilson never had a chance to catch either, under the conditions, although one of them almost hit him on the head. They cost the ball game and the big chance to win the series.

Packed stands saw the tragedy of Hack Wilson. Millions heard about it over the radio. Other millions read about it in the papers. Hack had stood beneath a blazing spotlight that burned into his soul. When he left the ball park the "tragedy of ages" was in his face, and on his neck the burdens of the world," to quote Mr. Markham a trifle incorrectly.

All the cheers that had rung for him from April to October were less than nothing now. He was a broken being, paying the price the spotlight so often demands upon a second's notice.

There was the case of Al Espinosa in the open golf championship at Winged Foot. On the seventeenth green

of the final round, a hard par four, Espinosa sunk his putt for a brilliant three. This putt gave him his chance to tie Bobby Jones and force a play-off the next day.

At the moment it brought him a great thrill. A few hours later he would have given more than a trifle to have missed the putt and taken a four. For in that case he would have been remembered as the professional who came from behind with a rush and almost overtook the star amateur who had been ruling the realm of golf for many years.

He would have had nothing but praise for such a finish. As it was, he came to the play-off badly overgolfed, far below his top form, to take one of the worst beatings a good golfer ever endured. As Jones raced away, stroke after stroke, opening a murderous gap, it was easy enough to see the suffering that Espinosa carried from hole to hole. To be beaten was one thing. To be completely slaughtered before a big gallery was something else. There is no way to check a slump of this sort when it breaks out under fire.

Football, however, brings on more mental anguish than any other sport. In the first place, it is played by youngsters who only get the experience of a few big games. In the second place, these young players move into action with their souls on fire. They play with a keenness that has no parallel in competition. Many of them have been broken for years through some mistake that cost a big game.

It is all very well to say that after all "it is only a game." You can't make some young football player swallow that philosophy when 70,000 have seen his error that lost the battle, and millions have read about it.

Take the case of Tommy Longnecker of Dartmouth this last fall. Yale had taken a ten-to-nothing lead over Dartmouth, partly through some bad Green generalship with which Longnecker had nothing whatsoever to do. He had not even been in the game at the time these erring Hanover tactics were giving Eli the jump. Then the mighty Marsters hit his stride, Dartmouth switched its strategy to a passing game that opened up the Blue defense, and within five or six minutes Dartmouth was out in front, twelve to ten.

Marsters was hurt a short while later and Longnecker took his place. The young substitute was driving his team along nicely, on down into Yale territory with only five minutes left, when Fate fell across his neck. On fourth down the safe play would have been to kick out of bounds as close as possible to Yale's goal, forcing the Blue to make an eighty- or eighty-five-yard march to score.

The forward pass he called for was not as bad tactics as many have considered it. His idea was to shoot a pass directly over the line and even if this pass were intercepted no Blue back could return it many yards. But, just before the moment of passing, his right foot slipped on the wet sod. He was completely off balance and before he had time to think, he had thrown a wide pass to Ellis, the fastest sprinter on the field, in the stands or in the city of New Haven.

The accidental slipping of a foot led to the tragedy, but as it happened it blew up the game, and the elation of the whole victorious Yale team was not as intense as the soul agony which the Dartmouth player endured. Granting that it was a trifle risky, he might have called this same play twenty times, and, from a firmer footing, no such disaster would have followed.

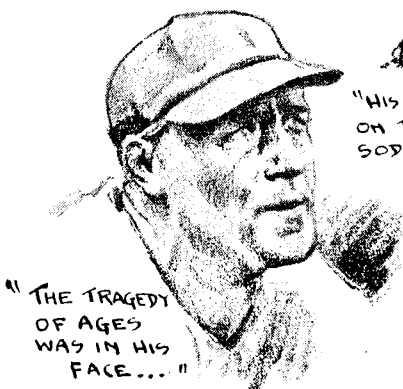
When Strong Men Weep

One can name more than a few football players as "so-and-so who lost this game or that game"—possibly by a fumble, possibly by something else. The public at large could get a much better picture of the whole show if it could crowd into the dressing-room of a beaten football team after some hard game, especially if the beaten team had lost by some single play. The number of heart-wounded athletes, either weeping or completely disconsolate, would be surprising.

Such things, of course, are all out of proportion. But that doesn't alter the raw fact that every entry who has a chance to be a hero also has a chance to slip or break at some big moment and suddenly discover that the sky has dropped upon his spine and that some twenty millions of his fellow countrymen, through information from the papers or over the radio, are naming him among the bonehead immortals.



"HIS FOOT SLIPPED ON THE WET SOD..."



"THE TRAGEDY OF AGES WAS IN HIS FACE..."

The Age of Youth

By Arthur
Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

DESPERATE because of her failure to make a decent living on the New York stage, Donna Raynor writes to Randolph Granby, a wealthy bachelor, whom she has never met. She explains her predicament, and ends her letter thus: "I could get a rich husband if I had a proper setting. It would cost a thousand a month and I'd need two years to get the proper man. Will you give it to me?"

Granby finally agrees to give her the money.

Donna opens her campaign by sub-leasing the apartment of Libby Prentiss, a wealthy society girl who is leaving for Europe. Hardly is she settled when adventure claims her. A handsome young man, decidedly the worse for drink, pushes past Jennie, the maid, calling loudly for Libby Prentiss. Donna orders him to leave. Then—"Believe I'll marry you," says the young visitor. "How would you like to be Mrs. Frank Gardner?" And Frank Gardner is the most sought-after bachelor in America!

Finally Donna succeeds in making Gardner leave. Next morning he sends orchids. Donna refuses to speak to him. The orchids, however, continue to arrive each day.

Donna arranges to take singing lessons from Mme. Galere, the list of whose pupils includes most of the Junior League. In a few weeks she is in the midst of the social swim. Granby and Gardner are both attentive. She has a devoted admirer in Don Blaisdell. Mrs. Fred Fairleigh has accepted her socially. Had she ever been silly enough to doubt that she would succeed?

Then the bubble bursts. At Mme. Galere's one morning she picks up the paper: in the gossip column there is an unmistakable reference to her—with the insinuation that she is beyond the pale.

VI

SHE conquered the impulse to run wildly from the building. She felt that mean shame which comes when one has been spattered by the filth of a passing vehicle. She was queerly reminded of an incident of her childhood. In her Sunday best, on the way to church, she had walked cautiously around a puddle on the sidewalk, a miniature pond that overflowed into the street. And a motor car, packed with Sunday golfers, had splashed through the water and sprayed her with oozy mud. At her cry of anguish the car had slowed down, and until she died she would not forget the laughter that came from the car's occupants.

Cruel, cruel, she had exclaimed to herself then, and cruel, cruel, she was saying to herself now. She remembered her agony of humiliation as she had fled home; even in the sympathy of her family she found shame. For there is as much shame, strangely, in things which have been done to us as in things which we have done ourselves.

As carelessly—and much more maliciously—as those motorists years ago had soiled her, so this columnist shamed her now. But, even in her panicky horror, she realized that this newspaper attack upon her was not entirely without cause. Years ago she had been a spick-and-span little girl in her Sabbath

finery, but the finery had been honestly come by. Today, not so little, in finery not so honestly achieved. . . . But what business was it of this newspaper Peeping Tom to cry aloud his suspicions?

But why bother about his reasons or his right to print what he had printed? It was done; it could not be recalled. The question to ask herself now was: would she be recognized as the heroine of the spiteful paragraph?

Well, Ran Granby would recognize her, of course. Equally of course, his suspicions already aroused, Frank Gardner would. She sighed. No use blinking her eyes to facts. Sue Philemon and all Sue's friends. . . . Why, everyone whom she had met knew that she had taken Libby Prentiss' apartment. All of them would naturally think that she was the girl meant by Mr. Manhattan.

WELL, what would they do? Would they—cut her? If she were one of them, who all her life had known them, she would not have to ask herself this second question. Of course they wouldn't. People did not desert their friends at a mere unsubstantiated rumor. But people *did* abandon new acquaintances of whom nasty things were said, unless immediate evidence were forthcoming to disprove the nastiness.

What a house of cards she had erected! At the first ill wind she found it trembling, tottering. . . . Imagine telling to anyone of these new acquaintances her real story! Tired of poverty, she had written to an absolute stranger, a wealthy bachelor, and asked him to give her sufficient money to enable her to frequent the class of society which, presumably, supplied the most desirable husbands. So far, her tale would be believable, would be listened to with cynicism. But the rest of it: the wealthy bachelor who, having seized one kiss, contented himself with that, asked for no more, humbly apologized for having taken that, left her, didn't attempt to see her. . . . Oh, no, the story was too incredible. Or, if it were believed, if her technical preservation of virtue were credited, she would nevertheless be looked upon as an adventuress.

Well, when you came right down to it, what else was she? This third question appalled her. Why did her mind recognize its right to be asked, and phrase it over the protest of her heart? She wasn't, she wasn't, she wasn't!

But denial availed nothing. She *was* an adventuress. But adventuresses were wicked, and wherein was she wicked? She had violated a canon of the social code, perhaps, but what of

it? Everyone, secretly or openly, committed breaches of the code. It was in being found out that the sin lay, or in not being powerful enough to laugh at censure if the thing were done openly.

Sudden understanding, however, was given to her. Her violation of the code would find its greatest resentment not in the fact that she had taken money from a man but in the fact that she had aspired to heights for whose rarefied air she was not qualified. All groups resent intruders, and that fashionable group she had entered, more than less important groups. There is something reassuring to most groups in the expulsion of one of their members. It enables one to express the thought: "We are better because we ignore him." Righteousness is aroused by the discovery of an intruder, and righteousness is the most flamingly cruel emotion known to the human race.

SHE could be of this Philemon-Granby-Gardner-Fairleigh set, and commit almost any sin, provided she avoided newspaper notoriety. But merely to be *in* meant that she must behave most circumspectly.

Singing ceased in the studio, and she heard murmured words that indicated that Mme. Galere's pupil was about to take her departure. Donna put the paper back on the table where she had found it. She glanced in the mirror of her compact, and found that recent emotion had committed no ravages upon her make-up. She flattered herself that her response to the coach's greeting was as casual as it should have been.

But, as she placed her fur on a chair, she saw a copy of the morning paper, opened at the same page that had engrossed her while she waited in the anteroom. Despite herself, she colored. And she knew, before she turned to meet Mme. Galere's eyes, that her



Illustrated by
Jay Hyde
Barnum

As they rose to dance, a man stopped beside them. It was Frank Gardner. "Why, it's old Ran Granby," he exclaimed. "Ran Granby and the li'l girl!"

teacher had noticed the blush and had guessed the occasion for it.

She attempted sang-froid.

"Nice snap of Sue," she said. "But I'm not so keen about myself."

Mme. Galere shook her head slowly.

"My dear," she said, "why didn't you tell me?"

There was, surprisingly, no condemnation, no censure, in Mme. Galere's voice or expression. Instead, it seemed to Donna that there was regret. The young girl made another effort.

"Tell you what?" she asked. Her carefully modulated surprise was a distinct achievement.

"You haven't read Mr. Manhattan this morning?" asked Mme. Galere.

Donna looked up from beneath arched eyebrows. Her slightly pursed lips expressed faintly puzzled surprise. And then, because she was very young and

friendless and frightened, and because Mme. Galere seemed suddenly divested of every quality save motherliness, Donna's lips trembled and her eyes filled with tears.

THE teacher opened stout arms and Donna's head was buried in the capacious bosom of a Middle-Western housekeeper. Gone, momentarily, was the smartly attired, sophisticated, *soignée* grande dame who made her pupils feel that they were highly privileged to be permitted to pay her money; in her place was a motherly, overplump, kindly old soul.

"Oh, Madame Galere," sobbed Donna, "I'm so—ashamed."

Mme. Galere turned and twisted the key in the lock. She half carried Donna to a couch. She made the weeping girl sit beside her.

"Now—tell me all about it," she commanded.

Donna, until this moment, had not known how eager she had been for a confidante. A naturally friendly, frank, open character, she had gone for months furtively, cautiously, fearfully. All those things which were in contradiction to her real nature had ruled her.

Now, their sway abandoned temporarily, she gave way to the delicious need for unburdening her soul.

"Who is the man?" prompted Mme. Galere.

"Randolph Granby," she whispered. "How—how did it—begin?" asked the coach.

Sobbing at first, but toward the end, under the sympathy of her auditor, calm and cool, Donna told the story of her acquaintance with Ran Granby. Silently, save for little muttered ejaculations of understanding, Mme. Galere heard her through.

"And you say that Frank Gardner suspects you and Granby are old acquaintances?"

This was Mme. Galere's first comment.

Donna explained this again, elaborating on her first account.

"And no one else knows? Granby hasn't told?"

Donna was certain that he hadn't.

Mme. Galere nodded toward the newspaper.

"That man simply then—evil-minded—suspects?"

"He can't have anything to go on," said Donna. She was quite calm now.

"He doesn't need much," snorted Mme. Galere. "You've never met him? Never been rude to him?"

Donna shook her head.

"Well, he can be malicious without reason; nature of the beast," said Mme. Galere grimly. "And if he's started, no telling where he'll stop."

"He—he couldn't be—paid to keep quiet?" suggested Donna.

"If he would take money—and to do him what small credit he may deserve I don't think he would—paying blackmail only makes a bad matter worse," replied the coach. "Oh, Donna, why didn't you tell me that first time you saw me—"

"How could I?" cried Donna. "You'd not have taken me as a pupil."

The coach sighed. "Possibly not. But after we became friends, my child? I could have arranged it so—an old friend's daughter—but now—but, child, you aren't whipped yet. Not by any manner of means. As a matter of fact, to be noticed by Mr. Manhattan is better than being ignored by him—to certain people. He doesn't strike at invisible targets, you know. It—it proves that he thinks you're of some importance, my dear. And Frank Gardner has proposed!"

DONNA knew now that, entirely aside from Mme. Galere's feeling of affection, she had enlisted her aid by telling her of Gardner's attitude.

"Oh," she said honestly, "I don't know that he'd think it amounted to that. But he would propose. So would Don Blaisdell and Ran Granby."

She was not boasting and the coach knew that she wasn't. She was merely clarifying her position, explaining her assets, her defensive and offensive armor, to mix the metaphors.

Mme. Galere nodded approvingly.

"There should be women," she said. "Women friends are invaluable in a matter like this."

"Sue Philemon," began Donna.

The teacher shook her head.

"A girl needs older women," she said.

"I mean, when question arises about her, to have an older woman, of assured position, stand beside her—invaluable. If you'd only known Mrs. Fairleigh longer."

"I'm invited there tonight," said Donna.

Mme. Galere nodded again. "I wish this weren't the first time. Too bad it isn't the twenty-first. Oh, I know she's attracted to you. My dear, you were the hit of the evening last night. Everyone was talking about you."

"I didn't see you," said Donna.

"I came in late, after you'd left," said the teacher. "But Mr. and Mrs. Fairleigh—oh, any number of people, were talking about you. It's a rotten shame," she cried, "that this had to come up now."

"Then you—you don't think I've been—wicked?" said Donna.

"Wicked is as wicked does," said Mme. Galere. "You haven't harmed anyone, have you? You're planning to make yourself the wife of some attractive, wealthy man. Well, hundreds of other girls, the Sue Philemons—all of them—are planning the same thing. Why not? It's woman's job to marry, and why shouldn't she bring common sense to her job? If there were any real reason why you shouldn't pick a man from the Fairleigh set, it would be different. But the Fairleigh set pick their wives where they choose, don't they? Why, they marry chorus girls, stenographers, cigarette girls in night clubs—anyone they want who'll have them. They don't confine their attentions to debutantes who are properly elected to the Junior League. Well, why should girls who are not members of the Junior League be limited in their choice of husbands? What's fair for men is certainly fair for the girls."

"NO ONE, my child, could be nicer than you. In every way, except possibly social position—and that can be gained if you marry the right man—you're equal to the Gardners, or the Granbys, or the Don Blaisdells. Why shouldn't you marry one of them? Why, Granby, you say, is ready to marry you now—"

"I shouldn't have said that," interposed Donna. "What I mean is that he acts—I mean—"

Mme. Galere grinned.

"You may be (Continued on page 52)"



"Now—tell me all about it," she commanded. "Who is the man?" "Randolph Granby," Donna whispered. "How—how did it—begin?" asked the coach

The Pinch Hitter

By
George Creel

A young man goes after a crook, and finds the experience good for the heart

"THE top o' the mornin' to you, Mollie darlin'. Ancient Irish stuff, to be sure, but still good if uttered with passionate sincerity." The blond young man doffed his straw hat with a low bow and, perching himself jauntily on the corner of the desk, looked down in full-hearted approval at the dark young girl who sat pecking busily at her typewriter.

"Good morning, Mr. Wade." In addition to a certain austere emphasis, she made quite a business of collecting various papers that the visitor had disarranged.

"Mr. Wade indeed. And why the note of chilly formality, my dear Miss Stafford?"

"As if I hadn't told you a hundred times." A very definite exasperation warmed the coldness of her first tone. "You are the owner of the paper and I am the society editor. Why keep pretending that you don't understand?"

"But it's not pretense," he protested. "We've known each other since infancy, not to mention adolescence, and I fail to see that any great, fundamental change has been worked because your poor old dad lost his money. Why, that very fact makes my attentions imperative. Don't you see that I've simply got to be cordial with you, even demonstrative? Would you have my name ring down the corridors of time as a snob? Do you want to see our hated rivals blaze forth with headlines, Millionaire Spurns Former Sweetheart, Now Humble Wage-Earner?"

"We never were sweethearts, Phil Wade, and you know it."

"Don't confuse a misfortune with a fault," he commanded sternly. "Lord knows I've done my best. On the day of judgment, when these things are gone into, I have the soothing confidence that they'll find me without blame. And there's another thing you forget, Mollie dear. I've always led an active life, and while I am not one given to peevish whining, it hasn't been easy for me to give up the hard, exacting work of having a good time, and settle down to the idleness of a mere business routine. I need all the strength I can get, and unless the day is started right—"

"YOU'VE got to quit coming into my office so much," Miss Stafford interrupted impatiently. "I'm sure it's making a lot of talk out in the local room."

"I am surprised," Wade shook his head reproachfully. "Don't you know that every mail-order course in modern business administration commands the executive to keep in close touch with his organization? Men like Henry Ford and Owen Young never let their hot breath get off the back of a clerk's neck. And how can I do it unless I frequent your office? Isn't it here that

most of my young men cluster?—damn 'em!"

"You're impossible." The girl threw her hands wide in a gesture of despair. "All the same, I don't want you dropping in at all hours of the day."

"If you're tired of seeing me," suggested Wade helpfully, "why not marry me? The modern union, from what I have been able to observe, reduces companionship to a minimum. The home is no more than a point of departure."

"Thanks for the proposal, if it was one, and, as the magazine editors keep telling me, please understand that rejection implies no lack of merit." Miss Stafford laughed mockingly. "And speaking of publicity, how do you think I would like it if our hated rivals printed headlines, Kid Cophtua Copped: Humble Wage-Earner Captures Millionaire Boss. A trifle too obvious for my taste, Phillip my lad, even if you happened to be serious."

"No, no," she cried hastily, as he started to speak. "Save it for the Sunday supplement. Even if it were important, I've got my work to do. Good heavens! Eleven o'clock!" With effortless grace she propelled her slim loveliness from the chair. "Half the

week gone and nothing done. And a whole world waiting tensely to know the names of those who will second Miss Jane Garth and Mr. Walter Cummock when they enter the ring of matrimony."

"Queer thing about sex appeal," gloomily muttered young Wade, caressing the miniature mustache that adhered to his upper lip. "Were the Smithsonian to ask my opinion, I would be forced to describe Walter as a stuffed shirt, yet here he's being put on for a main bout, while I'm still shadow-boxing."

"Sounds like a song, doesn't it? I'm always boxing shadows tum-tum-tumtum. As you were," she ordered, turning at the door. "And when you go out, do try to make the exit as inconspicuous as possible. Why not the Australian crawl?"

SAFE in the confines of a taxi, Mollie Stafford sighed not once but several times. Wouldn't it be just her luck to go and make a goose of herself over Phil Wade? A darling, but wild as a March hare, even if he had settled down a lot since taking charge of the paper. Only being nice out of pity, of

course. She'd be a fine ninny to believe anything he said. Oh, dear! If only Dad hadn't lost all the money!

A smiling footman swung wide the great bronze doors of the Garth home, and an austere butler, heaving into view, softened perceptibly at sight of the visitor. Yes, Miss Garth was in her room and could he take the liberty of saying that seeing Miss Stafford again was a specific cure for sore eyes? As she ran up the well-known stairs, he followed her with the gaze of fond benevolence Olympians used to fix on favorite mortals.

"Mollie Stafford!" A fairylike creature sprang from the chaise longue, and ran forward with open arms. "Angel child! Where have you been? It's ages since I've seen you. Not an answer to my letters, and never even a telephone call. Honest, I ought to hate you."

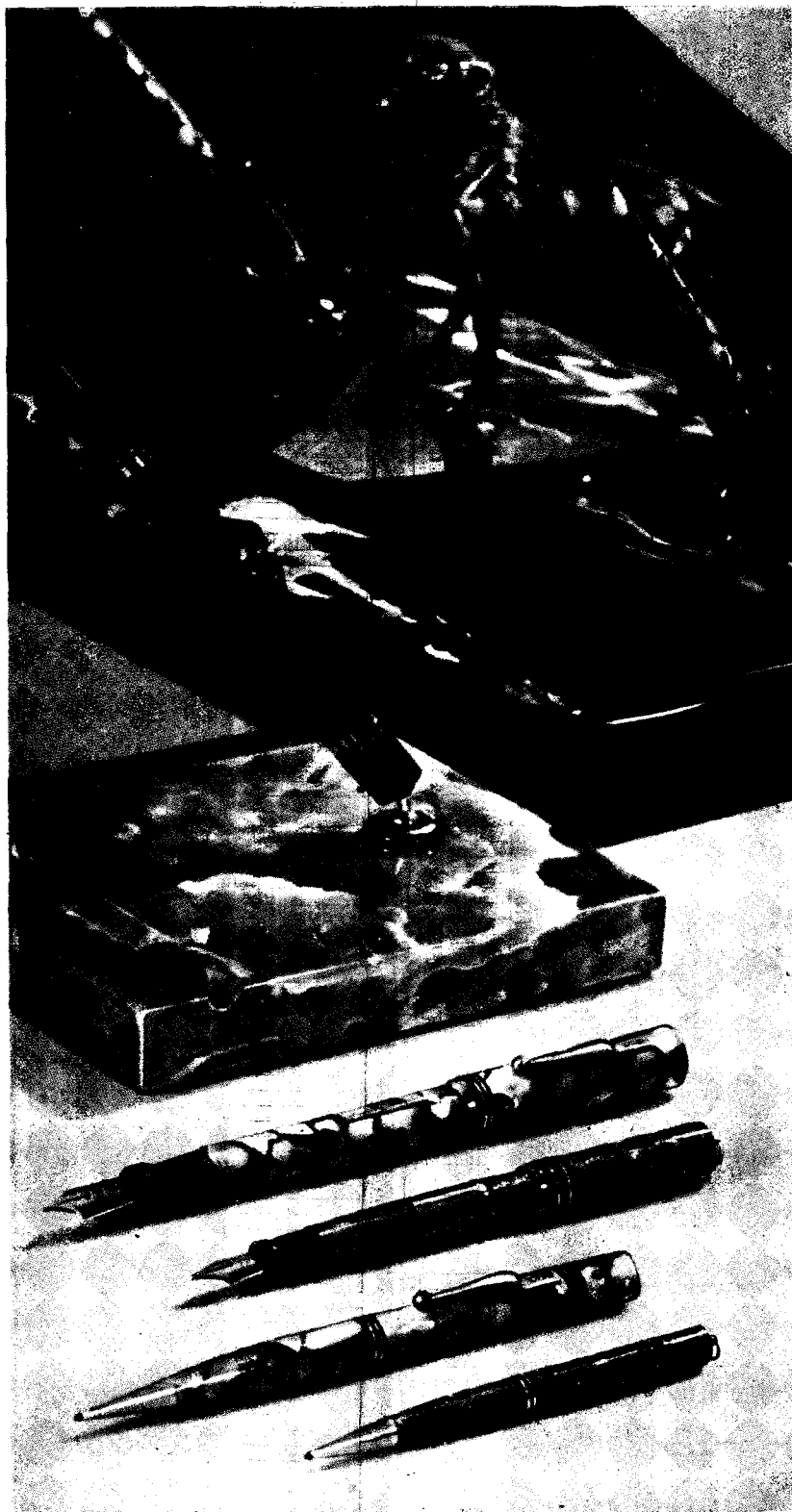
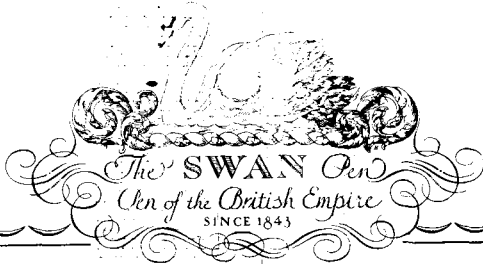
"Readjustment is a serious business, Jane dear," Mollie answered lightly, "and you've simply got to keep your mind on it. Anyway, I'm out of the gay set, and coming back for peeps is only an aggravation. But what on earth's the matter?"

"Matter?" The bird voice faltered and then (Continued on page 32)



Illustrated by
John B.
Whitelaw

"Gunman, my eye. He's just a poolroom rat."
"Is that so?" With creditable speed the Solar Spectrum flipped an automatic into view



IN the Houses of Parliament and in the hill stations of India, *Swan* PENS have given their unfailing service, year after year, to statesmen and soldiers, leaders and adventurers.

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Swan ETERNAL PENS are made by hand—not by machines. They are fashioned by a craftsmanship as delicate and fine as that which works in jewels and precious metals. That is why

SWAN ETERNAL PENS, \$5.00 to \$10.00; SWAN DESK SETS, \$7.50 to \$100.00

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Give



When you telegraph flowers,
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plays the Winged Mercury—
the symbol of the Florist's Tele-
graph Delivery Association—
in his window or in his shop.



Say it with



FLOWERS *this* *Christmas*

Turn your thoughts toward flowers. For *her* no gift could be more appropriate. Select flowers, too, for those other question-marked names on your list. The Spirit of Christmas sparkles in every gay blossom.



FLOWERS

To be assured of dependable service, look for this symbol, that identifies the members of the Society of American Florists and Ornamental Horticulturists. It is the Sign of a Good Florist.



How to be *Generous* to a man at Christmas



JUST how does the Gillette Fifty Box qualify as the ideal Christmas gift for a man? Here's how — on these eight counts:

It is practical . . . Man, famous for his practical mind, insists on useful gifts.

Yet he probably wouldn't buy this for himself . . . From long habit, he is used to getting his blades in packs of five and ten. This will be a new and refreshing idea for him.

He'll be sure to use it . . . Blades are a daily necessity in every man's life. The Gillette Fifty Box is the most convenient way to have them.

It is personal . . . It's all to himself, for his own intimate, bathroom use.

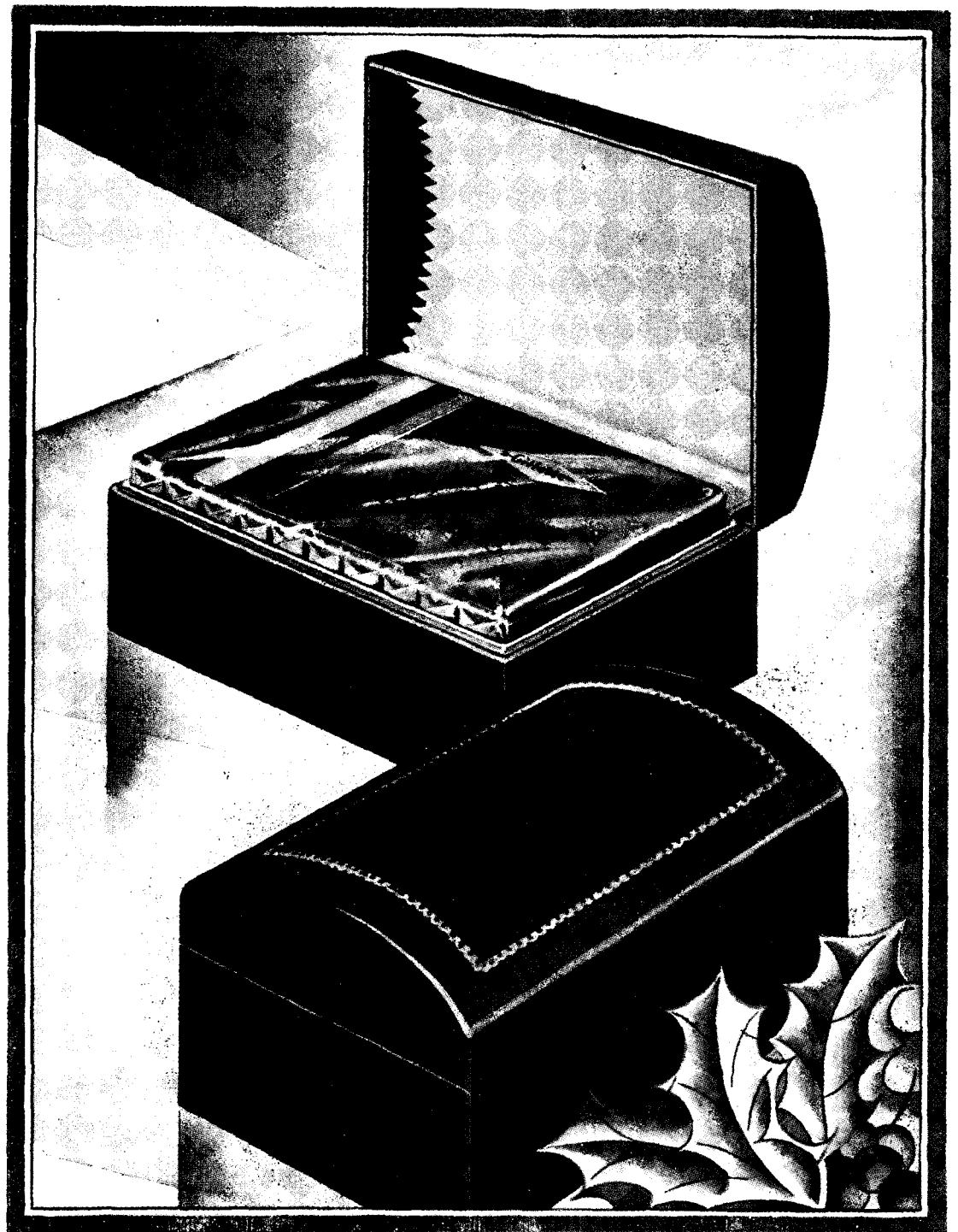
It is good looking . . . Packed, as you see, in a strong metal box, velvet lined, with a spring-hinge cover. Blades are enclosed in brilliant Cellophane.

It is truly generous . . . With fifty smooth, double-edged Gillette Blades in easy grasp, a man can look forward to more continuous shaving comfort than he has probably ever enjoyed before in his life.

It will last well beyond the Christmas season . . . For months his mornings will be free from all thought of buying Gillette Blades.

It is reasonable in price . . . Five dollars buys this *ideal* gift. On sale everywhere.

RADIO— Tune in on "The Gillette Blades" every Saturday evening, 9:30 to 10:00 o'clock, Eastern Time, over the National Broadcasting Company's Blue Network, WJZ and associated stations.



GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

Gillette



Five Dollars

GIVE HIM SHAVING COMFORT IN ABUNDANCE WITH
THE FAMOUS FIFTY BOX OF GILLETTE BLADES

On the Scent

Continued from page 16

particular royal sponsor, was incarnated in the daring Jicky—frankly a perfume for ladies who preferred to be known as women, and independent at that. For more than a decade, the Oriental influence underlay everything in the way of smart odors, until women became altogether too accustomed to the idea of unmasked sex appeal to get any special thrill out of it. Subtlety became the new note—an allure that advanced and retreated, and was all the more attractive because it didn't meet its victims head on.

"The whole trend in perfumes today is toward the light but lasting fragrance," Prince Matchabelli said as we talked to him in his laboratory on his return from Paris. "It must be subtle, complex, unforgettable. Since modern senses are so keen, they tire all the more easily, so each season we must find something different that works out the same idea still further. But the problem doesn't end there. We are not content with general effects today—we take into account not only the chemistry we deal with here, but the physical chemistry of the women who are going to use the odors we make."

Rub It In

Did you know that a perfume made in Paris may be a great deal nicer—or much less nice—when brought to America? The air? Maybe. . . . Did you know that some kinds of perfume can't be turned out so well over here as over there, and vice versa—like champagne that should be made in France and beer in Germany? The water? Possibly. Did you know that the same perfume put on the wrists of six women may give six different effects? Internal chemistry? Undoubtedly. On one woman, it may simply fade out, gradually but completely. On another, it may be intensified to a superperfume, a fragrance to thank heaven for and follow for a block. On a third, it may have a disturbing and not altogether agreeable quality.

Prince Matchabelli says women in America are much less educated in the matter of perfumes than women in Europe have become. Too often they buy a new thing on its advertising, its maker's reputation, its effect when used by other women—even on its package, which sits at home on the dressing table and doesn't mean a thing to anybody but the one who dusts it. At best, they usually rush in, sniff a stopper in the occasional shop that permits such a practice, sniff another with a noseful of the first impeding a second impression—and go off with a bottle the contents of which might be so much colored water for all the certainty they have that it will give them the effect they want.

Perfume should be tried on the skin—that's primary. It should be rubbed in—so that the alcohol can evaporate and the body heat can bring the fragrance out. It should be left on long enough to find its reaction to our own chemical elements. And, unless we pride ourselves on our noses, the process should preferably be repeated at intervals for some time before we make up our minds. In fact, Prince Matchabelli says, the mind-making isn't done so much by us as by the perfume. It chooses us—by doing something brilliant to signify its pleasure in being where it is. No wonder so many women are disappointed with the perfumes for which they've paid their valuable dollars, blaming the shining things inside the lovely crystal bottles instead of their impatient selves

that wouldn't wait for their own particular affinity to become manifest.

Flower oils are used less and less in the manufacture of these complex modern odors from fifty to sixty per cent of which are generally synthetic. The chemical elements in a good synthetic perfume are, of course, the same as in the natural product; the genius in command has merely produced by artificial means what used to take an acre or two at Grasse. Gardenia oil, for example, just doesn't exist. Jasmine oil, on the contrary—

"Jasmine oil is like butter to the cook," said Prince Matchabelli earnestly. "You can cook with—what do you call it?—margarine. But it is not the same. If you use synthetic jasmine, you pay forty to fifty dollars a pound, but your perfume is hard, metallic. If you use real jasmine, you pay four or five hundred dollars for the same amount—but what a sweetness, what a gracefulness and aroma!"

As for other things that modern perfumers use—you'd never guess some of them. Essence of celery, essence of carrot, essence of tea, coffee, mustard, pepper—Prince Matchabelli has just brought back from Paris forty undistinguished-looking little bottles that are more precious than rubies to the artist-chemist-perfumer who works till one or two o'clock in the morning, trying the effect of a drop of this and half a drop of the other on a perfume almost perfect, but not quite.

No woman should depend on a single perfume. Her friends tire of her, as though she wore a single dress. She herself loses the sense of luxury, of finished perfection that it gave her at first; she also loses the sense of where to stop in putting it on. One perfume for the evening, one for the day, a third for those occasions when she needs the spur of the unexpected to key her to concert pitch—that's a fair allowance, though for special purposes she may add others. At present, Prince Matchabelli is working on a perfume for furs, in which the physical chemistry taken into account will be that of the skin of the animal, not of the lady who wears it.

Somewhere or other in an interview we nearly always ask the victim what he'd like to do that he isn't doing now, if days were forty-eight hours long.

Perfume and the Man

"Ah," said Prince Matchabelli, "I should turn my attention to perfumes for men! When I came here five years ago, American men used soap and shaving sticks—so chaste, so stern. Today, they want lotions and powders, and the ones that smell good sell best. I am told that your men won't buy perfumes for themselves, as European men do, but—you've seen these little machines that spray? So many men who would not take bottles home with them come to these spray-machines and perfume themselves for ten cents—did you know that? But more often they steal the perfumed creams and toilet waters that their wives buy.

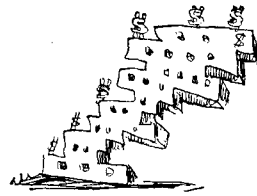
"I think American men are progressing faster than American women—and I should like to help them. But if I work now till one o'clock in my laboratory—how can I? I wish I could add more time as I add a new language. I speak French, Russian, Italian, Georgian, German—and a little English as you can hear. I could easily learn Spanish . . . but why can I not learn more time? That should be the next invention—how exciting it would be!"

THE MARKET

Jack BUILT

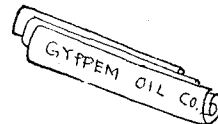
WORDS AND MUSIC

By H. I. Phillips



This is the market
jack* built.

This is the coin
That lay in the market jack built.



This is the lamb
That bought the stock
That ate the coin
That lay in the market jack built.



This is the broker
That worried the lamb
That bought the stock
That ate the coin
That lay in the market jack built.

This is the bull with the crumpled horn
That tossed the broker
That worried the lamb
That bought the stock
That ate the coin
That lay in the market jack built.



This is the Babson all forlorn
That scared the bull with the crumpled horn
That tossed the broker, that worried the lamb
That bought the stock, that ate the coin
That lay in the market jack built.

This is the tipster, tattered and torn,
That scoffed at the Babson all forlorn,
That scared the bull with the crumpled horn
That tossed the broker, that worried the lamb
That bought the stock, that ate the coin
That lay in the market jack built.

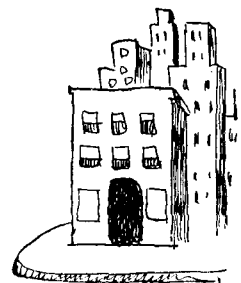


This is the housewife, shaven and shorn
That hark'd to the tipsters, tattered and torn
That scoffed at the Babson all forlorn
That scared the bull with the crumpled horn
That tossed the broker, that worried the lamb
That bought the stock, that ate the coin
That lay in the market jack built.

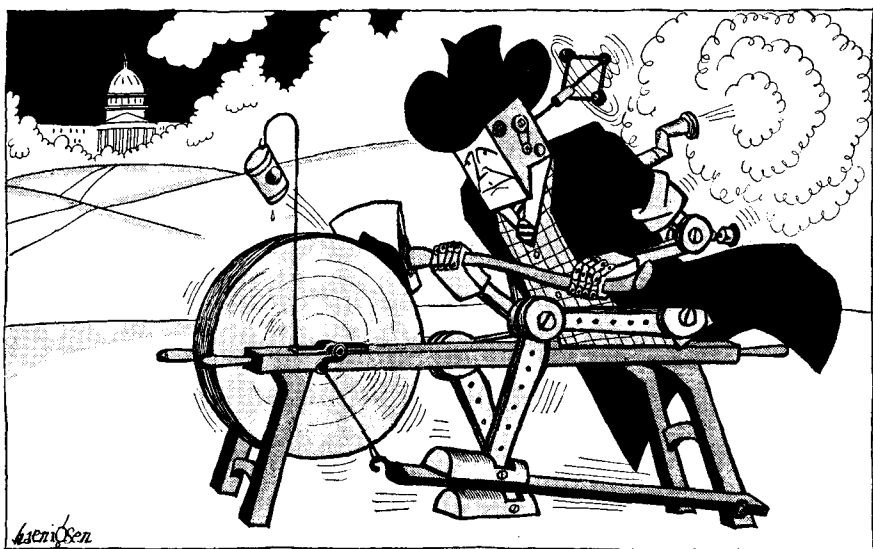


This is the jack, now mostly "gorn",
That belonged to the housewife, shaven and shorn,
That hark'd to the tipsters, tattered and torn,
That scoffed at the Babson all forlorn
That scared the bull with the crumpled horn
That tossed the broker, that worried the lamb
That bought the stock, that ate the coin
That lay in the market jack built.

This is the bank that now each morn
Gets all the jack before it's "gorn",
That belongs to the housewife, shaven and shorn,
That hark'd to the tipsters, tattered and torn,
That scoffed at the Babson, all forlorn,
That scared the bull with the crumpled horn
That tossed the broker, that worried the lamb
That bought the stock, that ate the coin
That lay in the market jack built.



* In the vernacular



The Texas Arranger

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

MORRIS SHEPPARD, senator from Texas, is a slave to the job of being a senator. All his life he has thought of nothing but being elected and being reelected. He was born to be elected.

His father before him was a congressman, and at the early age of twenty-seven he succeeded to his deceased father's seat in Congress. Ever since then—to be precise, for twenty-seven of his fifty-four years—his chief attention has been given to the question of how to keep himself in Congress.

Of course others in Washington devote most of their working hours to this vital subject, but no one else with the thoroughness of Morris Sheppard. I do not mean to say that he does not give his mind to questions of legislation, but the angle from which he approaches them is their bearing upon the hoard of votes he has in Texas.

If it weren't for his interest in prohibition, a subject of much publicity, he would be one of the most inconspicuous men in the Senate. He rarely raises his voice.

Except for the fact that he is the author of the Eighteenth Amendment and the fact that through seniority he has gained a seat in the front of the Democratic side of the upper house, one would hardly know he was there.

Every once in a while he picks up a little black book and writes something in it. This is his diary, his own private record of Morris Sheppard, senator.

There is something meticulous about a man who keeps a private record of his own virtues, as if every member were not at liberty to record them at public expense in that encyclopedia of exhibitionism, the Congressional Record. He is the mechanized Congress member. There is no one else like him.

A Legislative Robot

Every other member plays golf or bridge or indulges his fancy in cussing out the President, his fellow members, or his own constituents, in the privacy of his own office. Mr. Sheppard has no weaknesses, no foibles, no dissipations. There is a good deal of the legislative robot about him. He is, let us say, what all senators will be in another generation.

Invisible strings from Texas control his every move. Whatever he does, you may find the source of it in Texas. He runs errands for his constituents with an unparalleled assiduity.

He never indulges himself in the luxury of enmities. An enmity is a vote lost. If someone who has attacked him in Texas as a last resort comes to

solicit his aid before one of the departments, the senator treats him as if all his life he had been looking forward to the opportunity of serving this particular man.

He is not a great senator, but he knows more about the fine art of being the little senator than anyone else in the world.

Sitting Pretty

He owes his political prominence to two things: When he was a young man the Woodmen of the World, a fraternal organization, was establishing itself in Texas. His name as the son of a congressman was worth something to the order, so it made him treasurer. He is today "Sovereign Banker" of the W. O. W. As such he is paid a salary nearly equal to his salary as senator. Thus he is remunerated handsomely for having a couple of hundred thousand Woodmen always ready to vote for him.

Later, when the Anti-Saloon League began to look promising, Mr. Sheppard hooked up with that, too. Other Texans, casting an eye at the senatorship, turn pale when they think of Morris with his two organizations and his neat little black book with its accurate record of his faithfulness in Washington.

I say all these things by way of explaining his latest proposal to make the buyer of bootleg whisky equally guilty with the seller. The origin of this interesting attempt to put many of us in jail was as follows: When Governor Smith was nominated for President, Mr. Sheppard was confronted with the dilemma of losing votes by supporting Governor Smith and thus angering the dries and evangelicals of Texas, or keeping silent and thus antagonizing regular machine Democrats.

He decided that he would lose least by taking the stump for Governor Smith. This course angered the dries and evangelicals. Now when it becomes necessary to seek a new election the witch-burners of Texas are all after him. The situation in which he finds himself is the explanation of his proposal to put all buyers of alcoholic beverages in jail.

No one doubts the sincerity of his belief in prohibition. But his suggestion that buying liquor be made a crime is put forth to assure the dries of Texas that his heart is in the right place even though he did support Governor Smith. It will probably nominate and reelect him.

Many of the important dry leaders do not really want his plan adopted. But politically it is necessary to the welfare of Senator Sheppard.

The Pinch Hitter

Continued from page 26

strengthened bravely. "Oh, you mean my cold."

"Nonsense!" Mollie led the girl over to the light and tilted the baby chin with resolute hand. "Why, you've been crying your eyes out. Good Lord, Jane, it isn't Walter. Don't tell me that!"

"No, no, no! Of course not. Walter's p-p-perfect. And that's just the trouble. Oh, Mollie, I'm so desperately miserable. I wish I were dead."

DROPPING down on the chaise longue, Miss Stafford gathered the sobbing girl into her arms and soothed her with tender pats and soft croonings. Poor, motherless, feather-headed Jane. A prize fool, if ever there was one, but such a loving, lovable little fool.

"Tell me all about it," she ordered. "Right from the beginning with nothing left out."

"It—it happened last summer," Jane quavered as her sobs became less frequent. "You remember when I visited Aunt Sarah up in the Adirondacks? Or do you? No. I don't think you do. That was when you were having all your trouble. Anyway, I did. Visit Aunt Sarah, I mean. Most of the time she was sick. Or pretending to be sick. It was just too terrible. Nobody to see and nothing to do. And I just had to have some amusement, didn't I?"

"Who was he?" Mollie asked gently.

"The chauffeur." Jane's fluffy yellow head dropped wretchedly at the admission. "Oh, I know it's awful, but honest, Mollie, he didn't look like one at all. The handsomest thing you ever saw, dark and frightfully Byronic. I never even glanced at him for ever so long, but it was so stupid, and riding into the village with him all the time—well, who could help talking? And he was wonderful! You never heard such a romantic life. The son of an Italian prince by an American mother, and he ran away to sea when he was a boy because he couldn't stand the cold grandeur of the palace. And he flew in the Lafayette Escadrille, saved a French countess and"—

"Didn't he ride a Derby winner, find the North Pole, kill Rasputin and write the Outline of History under the name of H. G. Wells?" asked Mollie.

"No, he never mentioned any of those things," said simple-souled Jane.

"More modest than one might think. What was his name?"

"Aubrey Valentine."

"Picked a good one while he was at it, didn't he? Well, go on."

"Somebody saw him kiss me," Jane continued brokenly, "and told Aunt Sarah. And Aunt Sarah sent for Father, and you know Father! He actually kicked Aubrey off the place. It made me perfectly furious, and when Aubrey wrote me from New York the sweetest sort of letters, why, I—I—answered them. He said he'd kill himself if I didn't and—and—"

"So that's the milk in the well-known coconut," nodded Mollie. "Trying to blackmail you, is he?"

"Not Aubrey!" Jane raised tragic eyes. "No, indeed! He's as sick about it as I am. You see, when I met Walter, and realized he was the one true love of my life, I wrote Aubrey just as nice as I could, explaining everything and asked him to send me back my letters. And he wrote back that another man—some creature that roomed with him—had stolen the letters." Tapping new and deeper wells of grief, Jane wept even more stormily than before. "And this wretched man, he s-swears h-he'll put the l-letters in Walter's

hands unless I g-g-give him \$25,000. And—and—you nuh-nuh-know Walter!"

"Unfortunately," Mollie admitted, again cradling the sobbing girl in her arms. "How much have you given him?"

"Only \$4,900," Jane hiccuped. "Connie pawned my rings for me, and I've borrowed from everybody, and I don't know what I am going to do. He told me yesterday he'd give me just two days more to come through. Oh, Mollie, can't you think of some way to raise the rest of the money?"

"Don't be a fool." Mollie gave her a brisk shake. "Giving a blackmailer money is the poorest way in the world to get rid of him. Now go over there and sit down, please. And quit sniffing. I've got to try and think."

"How does he communicate with you, Jane?" Evidently the moment of meditation had been productive. "Letter or telephone?"

"Telephone. He calls up every day at two o'clock."

"Good." Mollie shot a glance at her watch. "When he telephones today, tell him to be here at five o'clock, and be sure to bring the letters. Say you've got the money."

"You've thought of something?" Jane's eyes shone hopefully.

"Not exactly, but I've got the germ of an idea. Men have gone to the Senate on less than that, so be of good cheer. Now go bathe your face and lie down until I get back."

At four of the clock Mollie Stafford, accompanied by a clean-shaven young man of incredibly serious mien, passed through Mr. Garth's bronze doors, and held a whispered conference with the butler whose repeated nods gave every evidence of interest, sympathy and understanding. Five minutes later, and this time alone, she entered Jane's room, shooed that unfortunate into a cold plunge, and began issuing orders with all the snap and authority of a field marshal.

"Brandon is going to show him into the library," she said. "Whatever you do, don't open the curtains or turn on the lights. Ask him right off if he has the letters, and when he demands money, tell him you haven't got it. That ends your part of the entertainment. All you've got to do after that is lie back and breathe deeply. One last word. Don't be surprised at anything, or if you are, swallow it. Your big moment is to be one of complete silence. On your mark, get set, go!"

THE short, darkish person ushered into the library by a butler who gave every evidence of an invincible distaste for the duty was one who quite evidently believed that what modern life needed was a bit more color. His suiting was what is known to the trade as "Mexican blue," and yellow shoes, pink shirt, red tie and a red silk handkerchief, liberally displayed, joined to give full meaning to that celebrated caption, Came the Dawn.

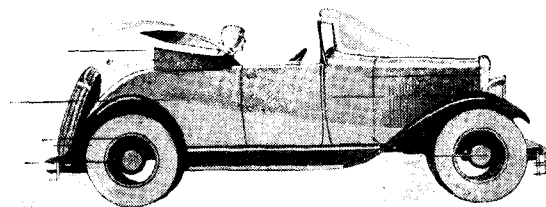
"Did you bring the letters?" Jane asked anxiously, her small hands clasping and unclasping.

"Sure I got the letters." From some inner recess he produced a package of gum. "Not a nice thing to do," he explained elegantly, "but I gotta. I'm awful high strung. An' how about the money, girlie?"

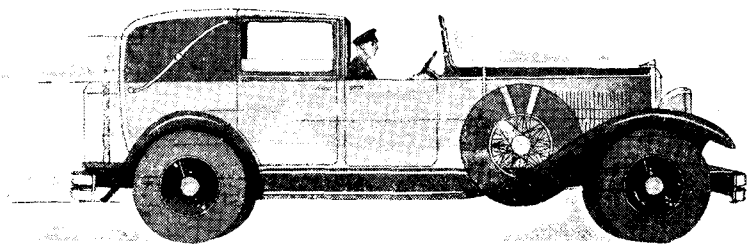
"I lied to you," gasped Jane. "It's simply impossible for me to get any more. Oh, please do believe me and give me back my letters."

"Say, what's your little game any—"

(Continued on page 34)



She uses Ethyl in her trim little car because it gives her better control, extra power and pick-up and makes her motoring more comfortable.



He uses Ethyl in this big, new high compression car because it requires gasoline of Ethyl's anti-knock quality to do its best.

Yes, they both use Ethyl

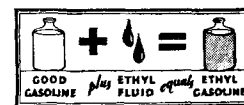
SHE drives a modest little car and thrills at its power, pick-up, comfort, and ease of handling. He drives a big, expensive, high-powered car and is proud of its unexcelled performance. *They both use Ethyl Gasoline.*

Your car, though it be large or small, old or new, will deliver the best that's in it in all seasons and under all driving conditions—with Ethyl. That is because Ethyl Gasoline is good gasoline to which has been added Ethyl fluid, the ingredient developed by

Automotive Science to banish the "knock"—the root of so many motor evils.

Ethyl Gasoline is essential to high-compression engines—it made them possible—but Ethyl eliminates the "knock" from any engine and delivers a performance impossible with ordinary gasoline. You will enjoy driving with Ethyl. Try it today and always look for the Ethyl emblem.

Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, 25 Broadway, N. Y. C.; 56 Church St., Toronto, Canada; 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London.



© 1929, E. G. C.

ETHYL GASOLINE

The Pinch Hitter

Continued from page 32

way?" The mean face hardened viciously. "Of course you can get the jack. What about your dimuns an' poils?"

"I've pawned all I had," pleaded Jane, "and Father keeps the rest in his safe."

"Then touch the old dame. Your aunt, I mean. She'll come across when she knows that either I get twenty-five grand right away or your mushy letters go into the mitts of Miste. Walter Whosit or whatever the guy's name is."

"That's good." The voice was low but menacingly resonant. "Suppose you put them in my mitts right now. I am Walter Cummock."

The heavy window curtains swung aside, and out stepped the young man of serious mien, Miss Stafford close at his back. Pausing only for a glance at the startled visitor, he rushed to Jane and gathered her in his arms.

"My darling!" he cried. "My poor little darling! To think what you've been through. Why didn't you tell me, sweetheart? Were you afraid that I wouldn't understand? And I might never have known but for this blessed Mollie here. But it's all right now, my precious," he crooned, still holding her close.

"Hand me those letters." Depositing Jane in her chair as carefully as one who puts down rare porcelain, he turned briskly to the rising young blackmailer. That worthy, however, albeit shaken, remained undeniably resolute.

"A fat chance," he sneered. "An' don't think you can pull any rough stuff, kiddo. Simps like you are jes' made to order for me. I eat speed."

"Watch out, Walter." Miss Stafford's usually calm voice now exhibited a distinct quaver. "He's a gunman."

"Gunman, my eye." The retort was stingingly contemptuous. "He's just a poolroom rat."

"Is that so?" With fairly creditable speed the Solar Spectrum flipped an ugly automatic into view. "Lis'en, guy! I ain't no killer if things go right, but—"

"Steady, Mr. Cummock. I have him covered." The door into the hall, opening suddenly, disclosed a large person with incredibly flat feet and a hard-boiled hat supported entirely by a pair of flangelike ears.

ONE quick look the amateur blackmailer allowed himself, a mere flick of the eye, but it proved his ruin. A capable brown hand shot out, gripping the arm that held the gun, and a split second later the mate followed to the jaw. Whang! Without appreciable pause there ensued a few minutes of sincere buffeting that left the amateur gentleman more than a little upset.

"Lay off, pal," he begged piteously, finally managing to make his distance. "For God's sake, lay off, woncha? I'll give ya the letters. An' I ain't to blame for this racket anyway, mister. I was jes' helping out a friend. When Tony—"

"Do you mean Aubrey, the celebrated traveler?" softly inquired Mollie with a side glance at Jane.

"Aubrey nuthin'! That bird's name is Tony Gallupini, an' the farthest he's ever been is Hoboken. I told him I didn't want no part of it, but he"—

"Stop your talking," interrupted the clean-shaven young man. "Produce the letters." Not troubling to look at them himself, he flipped the bundle into Miss Garth's lap. "Count 'em over, Jane. All there?"

"Yes," she said joyously, after a feverish inventory. "Every single one. They're awfully dirty, though."

One of the capable brown hands jerked the near-gunman into attention. "Even your limited intelligence must be able to see that we have you forty ways from the Jack. That gentleman in the doorway, as plainly indicated by his headgear, is from the Central Office, and his corps of efficient dictaphone ex-

perts have taken down every word of our deliberations. A sign from me, and it's the donjon keep. That goes for friend Aubrey, too. Am I followed?"

"I get you," was the husky rejoinder.

"Admirably phrased. Terse and to the point. However, unless forced to, we will not press our charges. I think, though, that Detective McCarthy will join me in a pointed intimation that you and Aubrey would do well to find a new place of residence. Not that we want

you to hurry. Any time between now and tomorrow noon will do. I believe this concludes the order of business as far as you are concerned, so feel at perfect liberty to beat it."

DEJECTEDLY enough the short, darkish young man made his exit, but from the front door, immediately prior to its banging, came a defiant yell, "You think you're smart, doncha?"

"And so do I," cried Mollie, holding

out both hands. But she was pushed violently to one side by Jane.

"Phil Wade!" Half strangling him, she squealed her rapture. "You angel! You darling! I've never seen anything so wonderful. How did you come to think of it?"

"Thank Mollie," smiled Wade, protecting himself in the clinch. "It was all her idea. Although I feel she will be generous enough to admit that Brandon was entirely my thought, along with the hard-boiled hat. His feet were nature's contribution."

"While we were talking this morning," said Mollie, "it came to me like a flash that Phil and Walter looked alike. Even if our blackmailing friend had ever seen Walter, I felt sure it was not a close acquaintance. All that had to be done was to make Phil take off that absurd wisp of a mustache, and have Brandon darken the library. So that's that, Jane dear. As far as Walter is concerned, your only fear from now on is that the good do die young."

"It really was awfully decent of you, Phil," Mollie admitted as they walked down the avenue in the soft sunshine of late afternoon. "Dear, nutty Jane. How she loves her Walter."

"A morbid taste," commented Wade, "but, after all, who am I to talk? Always a bridesmaid and never a bride."

"And you did give a truly remarkable performance," continued Mollie. "No end realistic. The manner in which you took Jane into your arms was simply too convincing for words."

"You mean it kindly, I'm sure," said Wade, "but the artist always knows when he has fallen short of his best. Quite frankly, I was never poorer. No realism to the thing at all. A purely mechanical rendition, unmarked by a flash of genius. But, of course, Jane was of no help to me whatsoever. She left me cold. I just couldn't seem to get going. And I would so like to have you see me at my best. Mayn't I suggest the evening together, and if you will be good enough to run over the scene with me—"

"Don't!" The girl put out a protesting hand.

"Mollie!" Wade started as he saw tears in her eyes. "Whatever is the matter?"

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing." She stepped into a vacant doorway and began to search for her handkerchief.

"Oh, my dearest!" Turning a broad back to the outside world he took her fumbling hands. "I got on your nerves, of course. But if I didn't fool all the time when I'm with you, I'd make a blithering idiot of myself. I adore you, Molly. I've always adored you, only I didn't have sense enough to know it. Is there a chance for me? Even the ghost of a chance?"

"DON'T you know why I cried?" she asked him softly. "You were fooling away about your love for me, and I did so want you to be serious."

"Darling!"

"Not here," she cried in a panic, and slipped by him to the safety of the pavement. Halfway across the avenue, however, he stopped.

"I've simply got to hear it," he announced stubbornly. "Say you love me?"

"I do. I do."

"Hey, you!" The harsh voice of the traffic cop reached even to the heart of their dream. "What's the matter there? Stalled?"

"One moment, Officer," plaintively murmured Wade. "I don't know if you ever had a mother of your own—"

"Goose!" Mollie took him firmly by the arm and turned a radiant face to the gaping bluecoat. "Parole him in my custody, Mr. Policeman. I've just become responsible for him."



In the English language there are eleven words (each having just seven letters) that begin with the letters S-T-R-I-E. One of them is STRIATE. You supply the others.

1	S	T	R	I	A	T	E	Bearing fine stripes or grooves.
2	S	T	R	I				One that strides.
3	S	T	R	I	D	O	R	A harsh, shrill or creaking noise.
4	S	T	R	I	G	I	L	A scraper. Carved flutings on flat surfaces in architecture.
5	S	T	R	I				One who, or that which, strikes.
6	S	T	R	I				One who strives.
7	S	T	R	I				Fibrous; ropy; viscid.
8	S	T	R	I				(Biology) A faint or minute stria.
9	S	T	R	I				Streaked.
10	S	T	R	I				Exerted; endeavored; labored hard.
11	S	T	R	I	K	E		Straight-edge for cutting grain, or for sharpening other edges. A template.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

- | | | |
|---------|---------|----------|
| 1. Glad | 5. Glen | 9. Glug |
| 2. Glow | 6. Glut | 10. Gled |
| 3. Glee | 7. Glib | 11. Glum |
| 4. Glue | 8. Glim | 12. Gleg |

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 "Word Hunts" with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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SCIENCE HAS PRODUCED

a longer wearing, all electrically welded, hardened steel tire chain

... it's the new

WEED AMERICAN

We could have told you two years ago about this wonderful new tire chain—but we decided to give it the most brutal tests that chains could be put to. In fact, because this new tire chain of ours seemed too good to be true, we abused it, misused it, and tried it out on every sort of street and road and testing ground.

It has more than proved its great advantages. So now we are telling you about this Weed American Tire Chain.

It doubles the wear you expect after using ordinary tire chains. The traction it gives greatly increases the margin of safety.

Dealers are enthusiastic about the new Weed American. They say it is worth two pairs of ordinary chains. Your Weed Chain dealer will be proud and eager to show you their exclusive advantages. For example

THE NEW CROSS CHAIN

Across the contact links we have electrically welded reinforcing bars, of 9/32" hardened steel. These reinforcing bars, besides gripping the road, strengthen the chain against early breakage.

WHEN THE CROSS CHAIN WEARS

The cross chain shown at left (see inset) has already traveled a great many miles. An ordinary cross chain would have worn through long ago. Note the reinforcing bar is only partly worn through, and the link proper is just starting to show wear.

THE NEW SIDE CHAIN

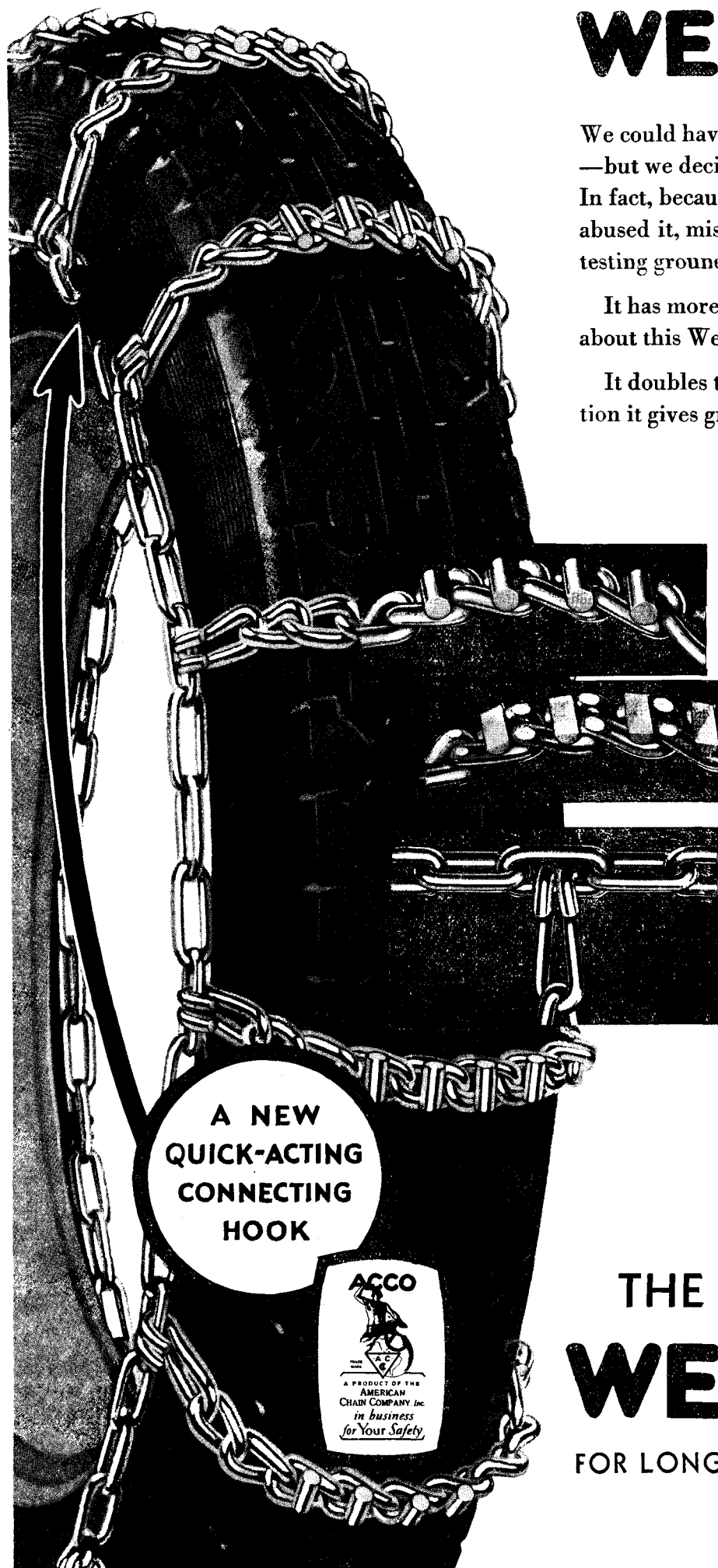
It's electrically welded. It has more links. It can't kink. It's tougher. It's stronger in the pull and withstands the roughest ruts.

Get Weed Americans. The name WEED is stamped on every hook. Made by the American Chain Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. *World's Largest Manufacturer of Welded and Weldless Chain for All Purposes.* In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

THE NEW

WEED AMERICAN

FOR LONGER WEAR, BETTER TRACTION, GREATER SAFETY



It's Hard to Get You Up

Continued from page 11

Lindbergh drop autographed messages at several other points in his district.

He accepted the explanation and offer, thanked me, and left. He had come in requesting so much, and had gone out content with so little that I felt we ought to try to do something extra for him. So I called him back:

"The Department of Commerce is sending an advance plane with Colonel Lindbergh," I said. "It will fly about half an hour ahead of him, make landing arrangements, and do other chores. Now if you'll be in this city"—naming the last stopping place before his district—"on this date, I'll arrange to have our plane pick you up. It will be flown by Phil Love, an old mate of the Colonel's. Phil is every bit as competent and experienced as Lindbergh. You'll be safe with him. He'll stop at your home town to let you out. That will give you time to greet your friends, and key them up for the passage of Lindbergh's ship."

"That's a splendid idea! Many thanks!" He was smiling happily when he left.

When the tour was over I remembered the congressman and asked Phil Love about him. Phil grinned: "Never did see him. He left a note saying he couldn't meet us. That was all. We flew over his district, anyhow, and Slim dropped the messages."

That was the last of the congressman, for a while. When Lindbergh came back from Mexico he decided to sell a little air-mindedness to the people's representatives, as he had been selling it to the people. You will remember that he flew congressmen and senators and their families over Washington during a week in the spring of 1928. The army and navy cooperated by furnishing equipment, airport and ground personnel.

A Hard Fight

The very first afternoon at Bolling Field—there was the congressman. However, the passenger lists did not contain his name, although his wife was down for a flight. Curious to know what sort of excuse he would give, I went over to him.

"Mr. Secretary," he began, "I—I, well, I'll tell you. The fact is I've been having a lot of trouble with my heart lately, and the doctor has warned me to be awfully careful. No excitement. I'm sorry, honest, but I'm afraid I'll have to wait until another time."

Well, his wife had her flight, told me how much she enjoyed it, and away the congressman went with her, looking more uncomfortable than ever.

Saturday was set as the last day on which Lindbergh would make these congressional flights, and it was announced that only members would be taken. I was pleased to find my friend waiting among his colleagues. And his name was on the list! I went up and congratulated him. He grew red-faced, and I stopped talking because I saw something was amiss.

"Mr. Secretary," he begged, "please don't get a wrong impression of me, but the truth is I had a bad night last night, a very bad night with my heart. I wouldn't be here except my son pleaded with me to fetch him. I just thought that maybe under the circumstances you'd let him have my seat in my place."

He certainly was a hard one to sell. And I was so anxious to land him that I made arrangements for them both to go. The congressman looked longingly at Lindbergh, at the plane, at his boy, back to me. He was fighting himself—fighting his set mind and views of forty years, his old human prejudices and fears. "No—no—just the boy. My heart—"

The boy had his ride, and rejoined his father. They lingered to watch. It came time for the last shipload to take off, and as I made ready to give the signal the congressman suddenly stood in front of me. "It's such a nice day," he said, "I've begun to feel a lot better out here in the sunshine and—"

I hurried him into the ship before he could change his mind again. He had his flight with Lindbergh, expressed his thanks, and strolled away, beaming—a man who had fought and won a good fight.

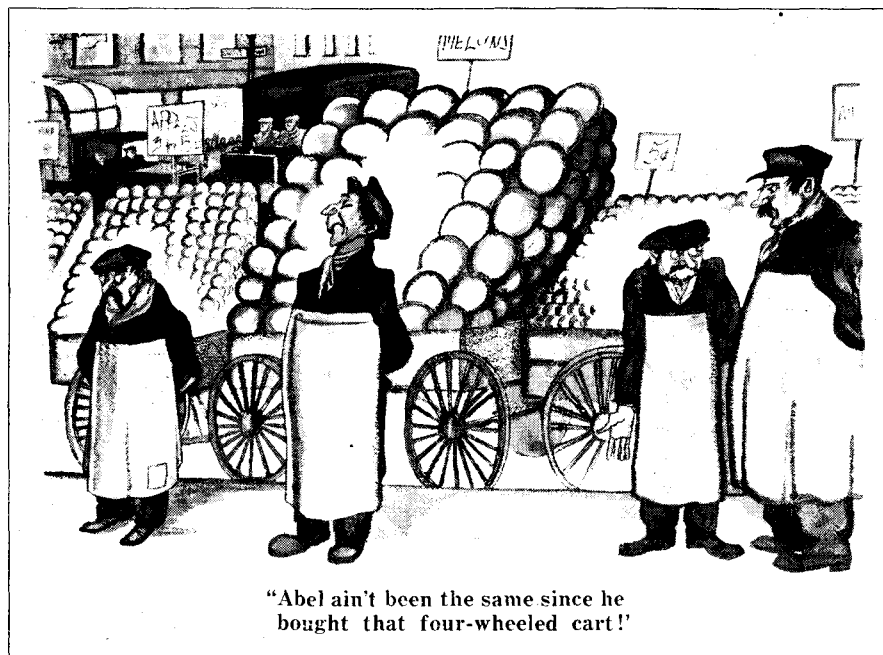
You will have to fight the same fight, win the same victory, now or in the very near future, or risk losing caste with your family and friends, and losing whatever place your industry and brains have won for you in business. The business man who nowadays refuses to make full use of available air transportation is somewhat like the stubborn old fellows who after the century turned refused to replace the letter presses and steel pens in their offices with carbon paper and typewriters.

stronger respect for the law of gravitation, which was most succinctly expressed not by Newton, but by the first wisecrack who said, "What goes up must come down." The first prehistoric man who stepped off a cliff in the dark and lived to breed children bred into them an appreciation of the ground. The ground is solid. When a land vehicle stops with you, you are on the ground.

Selling Airports

For three years the Department of Commerce has been interested in selling aviation to you, and knows what an unreasoning creature you can be when your age-old fears are whispering in your mind while your age-old dream is stirring in your heart. Your fear will disappear when air transportation becomes, like rail transportation, a commonplace.

I could overwhelm you with statistics proving your fears groundless so far as air travel over scheduled airways laid out by the Department of Com-



"Abel ain't been the same since he bought that four-wheeled cart!"

You've got to learn to use the air or life will run away from you. Science and progress aren't going to stand still because you are timid. It was only yesterday that you could stand on the margin of a flying field and look at the ships and say, "You couldn't get me up in one of those things on a bet!"—and be assured of a sympathetic laugh from your companions and an enhanced reputation as a wit. Tomorrow if you say that, you'll be laughed at—as a nitwit.

Cracker-box humorists stood near the tracks in the first decades of railroad-ing and said, "You couldn't get me to ride in one of them consarned contraptions on a bet!" They died, in their unwillingness to keep courageous step with life.

"Yes," you say with a slight shiver, "but there's a difference. Railroad trains are on the ground."

And you are right. There is a difference. You have sounded the keynote—on the ground. Everyone of us—at least those of us who are of my congressman friend's generation—had bred into us the belief that men who fly are fools and cranks. We are all aware that the dream of flying, of being able to leave the ground and invade the realm of the birds, is one of the oldest dreams of the human intellect.

Yet side by side with this dream, threading back into antiquity, is a

merce, in ships approved and inspected by the Department, and flown by pilots licensed by the government, are concerned. But figures seldom overcome fears. And if you were to be converted by such strong-arm methods you might go to the other extreme—throw caution to the winds, go up with any kind of a crack-brained flyer in any old kind of hay-wire ship—and when your obituary was printed your friends would sigh, "Poor Lionel, he always was a daredevil. Say, you can't tell me flying is safe yet!" Then the job of selling aviation to the public would be more difficult than ever. No; the selling of aviation remains a matter for demonstration, not persuasion.

Following Lindbergh's tour we could afford to ease up on certain activities. The air-mail cockpits were bulging, reading interest had increased, and the daily press featured aviation news. The industry had never dared to dream of publicity on the scale it was now getting. A single edition of the great morning newspapers would carry as much as six pages.

There has been too much criticism in the aeronautical ranks of overemphasis on "crash" news in the press, and too little appreciation of the help that newspapers have given in disseminating sound information, in telling you that the air age is at hand, that air travel

is an indispensable part of modern life, in backing the general growth of the industry, particularly through agitation for local airports. It was on the latter the Department now concentrated its selling attention.

Probably the chief reason airports have been difficult to sell to you is that their establishment invades both your pocketbooks and your politics. Hero-worship doesn't cost anything. But with politics and pennies involved it is difficult to get a whole community aiming toward one goal, although there may be enthusiastic shooting in many directions. When you see, however, that you are going to suffer inconvenience personally, and that your community is going to be rubber-stamped as a dragging spoke in the national wheel if you don't have airport facilities, you'll sell yourself.

I once made an address to the Chamber of Commerce of Baltimore. It happened to be an opportune day for my purpose.

"Gentlemen," I said, "at this very moment the Postmaster-General of the United States is opening bids for the establishment of an air-mail route serving the leading cities of the East. That route is going to fly right over your city. It is not going to stop, because you have not provided yourselves with an airport. Business men in North Carolina are going to get letters from New York by air as fast as you get them by train. You business men of Baltimore are going to be deprived of a chance to save hundreds of thousands of dollars a year, in time and in actual cash. You are not going to be in step with modern life—"

Those business men were so aroused that they immediately formed a committee, went down to the capitol at Annapolis, secured enabling legislation within sixty days, and are now expending the proceeds of a bond issue. Baltimore is going to have an airport: one of the best. Not content with turning into line, it has hurried toward the head of the march. It has attracted aviation manufacturers and incidental activities. It is going to challenge the air capitals of the country.

When Doctor Eckener brought the Graf Zeppelin to Lakehurst after its world flight I was charged with a message to him from President Hoover. Inspector Charles, of the Department, flew me from Cleveland, where we were attending the air races, to Philadelphia. We landed there to refuel in the early evening. I contemplated continuing to Lakehurst by motor car, but feared a road jam. It would be dark at 7:15. It was now ten minutes to seven. The countryside around Lakehurst is not lighted for night flying. Still, we decided to try to make it. That was a mistake in judgment.

Fear Comes First

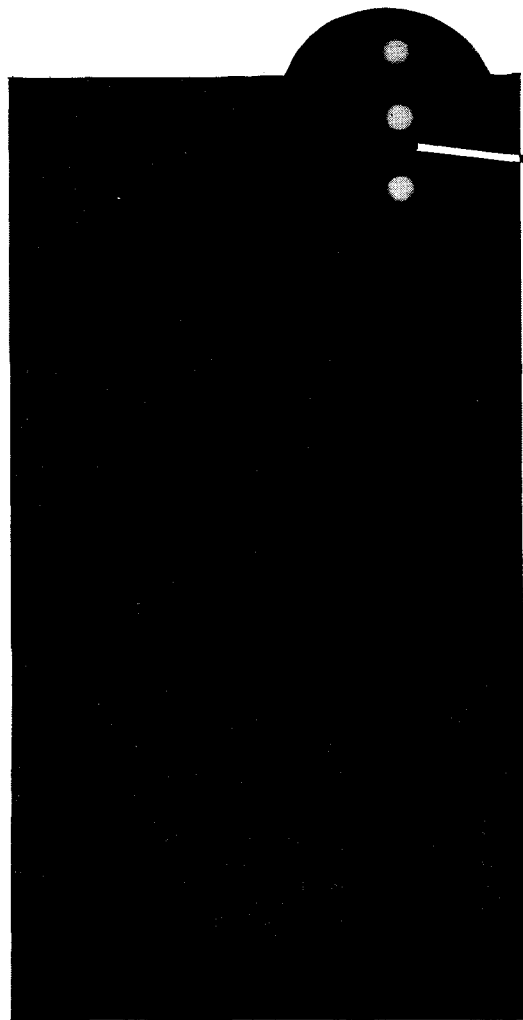
Pitch darkness fell, and we became lost. We didn't want to wander too far afield, so we decided to land to find out where we were. It was ticklish business in the blackness, heading for what seemed to be a pasture, but Charles managed it expertly. We "felt something." Evidently we had scraped a treetop. It tripped our glide, and we landed with a bit of a bump and a couple of scratches for souvenirs.

We found we were in Bridgeton, New Jersey. Now, for some time there had been agitation in Bridgeton for an airport. Skeptics, hostile to the plan, declared that our landing there after dark was a frame-up to stimulate favorable interest in the airport project. I'll do a great deal to sell aviation, but not in that way—not landing after dark on unfamiliar ground.

There are thousands of airports, of

(Continued on page 38)

ELECTRIC EYES *now continuously reproduce, inside the engine cab, the signals set miles ahead . . .*



MILE AFTER MILE over the Pennsylvania's giant system, automatic signal lights are placed . . . safely guiding the swift flyers of the rails.

Now a new device has been perfected by Pennsylvania engineers and is being extensively installed . . . Electric cab signals which reproduce inside the engine cab the shining lights of the signals ahead. Two miniature sets of signal dials shine directly in front of both the engineman and the fireman, on their respective sides of the cab.

These lights shine day and night through every minute of the run and are *instantly and continuously* responsive to every change in the signals ahead. And with every change to an unfavorable signal, a warning whistle sounds which keeps blowing until acknowledged by the engineman.

Thus the skill of trained men in the cab and the mechanical perfection of the most modern devices will be combined to insure the safety of Pennsylvania patrons. Read the official announcement at right.

The Pennsylvania Railroad makes an important announcement to the traveling public

THE Pennsylvania Railroad will complete this year the most extensive improvements in automatic signal installations ever undertaken by an American railroad.

The whole program, involving an expenditure of more than \$16,000,000, represents an important advance in the art of railroad transportation from the standpoint of both public safety and operating efficiency.

The work includes not only additional automatic block signals and automatic train control, but also, in the region of densest passenger train operation, the installation of the Pennsylvania's newly developed continuous cab signal system.

This is the device referred to by the Interstate Commerce Commission in its last report on automatic train control devices in which it said: "the development of cab signals of the type now in use on the Pennsylvania appears to be an important step forward in the art of signalling and worthy of special attention."

Three principal results will be effected by the new installations:

1. By the end of this year, the Pennsylvania Railroad's main line tracks, over which its fleet of blue ribbon trains operates between the Atlantic Seaboard and the Mississippi River, connecting New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis will have the most modern automatic signal devices known to railroad engineers.

2. Between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, the line will be equipped with a continuous cab signal system.

3. The coming year will find the Pennsylvania embarked upon a program to extend its continuous cab signals westward over its main lines.

THESE installations will round out a program of increased train protection which supplements expenditures of many millions of dollars in recent years for all-steel passenger cars, heavier rail, grade crossing removals, automatic warning devices at grade crossings and bridge renewals . . . Of course, all passenger trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad

System have had block signal protection on all of the Company's 16,000 miles of running track for many years.

NO phase of the present program is quite as significant as the installation of the continuous cab signals in all trains operating between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington . . . This modern development in the art of railroad signalling has been perfected by the Pennsylvania Railroad through research and experimental work and has been incorporated into the automatic train control installations already established at the Interstate Commerce Commission's direction.

The Pennsylvania Railroad management, while complying with the Commission's orders on five divisions, maintains that no substitute can be found for the personal responsibility of the men operating the locomotive and that the best safety devices are those which afford the greatest degree of dependable assistance in enabling the enginemen and firemen to discharge their responsibility. This is accomplished by the continuous cab signals with whistle and acknowledgment . . .

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

all classifications, in the country today. But when the Department of Commerce began to sell the idea of them to you, in 1926, there were precious few—and these, aside from military and naval stations, were maintained by certain carriers, by the Post Office, and by a handful of the smarter communities. Of course there were hundreds of patches called "airports" by overenthusiastic local people. Nowadays the Department sets certain specifications which must be met before a community can get a classified rating. So much for airports.

There are other difficulties in the selling of aviation to you. Resistances, salesmen call them. The Department, in endeavoring to take flying into your everyday life and use, has found out the chief resistances—why you won't fly.

Fear comes first. A fact that no one in aviation can sidestep—no matter how exasperating it seems, no matter how unreasonable it seems—is that the average man or woman is still afraid to fly. We have already discussed the basic fear, the blood fear of ground creatures taking a new element. But after all you are a reasonable being, and your fears are not solely for your skin. Some of them are manifested out of consideration for others.

Getting Rid of Worries

For instance, you worry about your insurance. You needn't. Most insurance policies protect your dear ones fully in the event of your death through air accident. Unless your policy has an express and continuing anti-aviation clause, and few issued prior to the last two years have, it would be paid. Don't permit any insurance agent to scare you into believing the contrary. When air passenger travel took root two years ago the insurance companies took alarm; not because they feared such travel was extra-hazardous, but because they had no precedents to go by. Today most of the important companies will give you an incontestable policy if you indicate that you are going to confine your air travels to scheduled airways in ships and with pilots licensed by the government.

You worry about your family's opinion. Your wife may be timorous, naturally; but the rest of them, as a matter of fact, may be away ahead of you both!

Cost is one of the factors that has made selling aviation difficult. This "resistance" probably ranks second to fear. It is a problem that the carriers have to meet, without government help.

The present costs of air travel are predicated on the present thin schedules, in most cases one plane a day, each way. Carriers cannot make money with one-plane service. Most of them will tell you that the one plane isn't filled. Yet I feel sure that if they flew more trips some of them at least would get proportionately more passengers. A plane an hour, say. If they did, overhead would be distributed over larger volume. The carriers could reduce fares and still make money. Reduced fares would bring greater patronage. It would be a beneficial circle.

The very limitations of one-plane service restrict its use. Unless it accidentally fits into your schedule, or serves some special need, you might just as well go by train. The former Chief Justice of Germany addressed the American Bar Association Convention in Memphis, Tennessee, Thursday evening, October 24th. He had to sail from New York Saturday morning, the 26th, at eleven o'clock. He was scheduled to speak at 8:30. The last train for New York left Memphis at 9:15. Accustomed to frequent air schedules at home, he wanted to fly. There was no air passenger service out of Memphis. The

train would get him into St. Louis in time to catch a nine-o'clock morning train which would bring him to New York exactly an hour and ten minutes before his boat sailed; a margin too close to be comfortable.

So he wanted to know whether he couldn't get plane service out of St. Louis. Yes, he could, by waiting until noon. But that plane, making connections at Cleveland, or a plane on a different line later in the afternoon, making connections at Columbus, would not get him to New York any earlier than the 9 A. M. train. There was no advantage in waiting to take the air. Now an early morning plane out of St. Louis, or an early morning plane out of Memphis to Pittsburgh, or some other rail junction, would have put him into New York with hours to spare.

Therefore, a chief reason for thin patronage and no profits on our commercial airways at present is the high

can usually get Federal permission to fill in submerged land. Filling in for an adequate airport would cost several millions. But this is insignificant compared with the cost of a modern railroad terminal; or with the condemnation for airport purposes of centrally located residential or business land.

Chicago faces such a problem now. Its so-called Municipal Airport, an hour's ride from the Loop, is inadequate. Its cinder runways are at times dangerous to heavily laden ships. Boeing is ready to start its eighteen-passenger ships on the San Francisco-Chicago run, but can't get hangar space. Universal is afraid to bring its new equipment—thirty-two-passenger Fokkers—into Chicago at all, but will fly over to St. Louis. Yet there are possibilities for filling in the world's greatest airport on the Lake Michigan front. Filling in has already been done to provide playgrounds and drives. No one seems able to decide to



"Why don't you just slap her face and then snub her?"

overhead—and consequently high fares—of thin schedules. If you want to travel by air today you have to adapt your schedule to the air carriers; they don't fit theirs to yours.

Airsickness is a third "resistance." But the experience of the Department of Commerce does not suggest that this is a major trouble, as some carriers contend. It has not been found that you stayed away from air travel because you were nauseated on some one trip, any more than you stay away from railroads because you became carsick, or from ships because you became seasick. Airsickness is not common, nor is it severe except on prolonged and unusually rough trips. One beauty of an air trip is that it is soon over; airsickness has that advantage over seasickness.

A fourth reason why you don't fly—a thorn both to the Department of Commerce and the air carriers—is the inconvenience of our airports. The carriers have endeavored to ameliorate this situation by developing bus services to and from their city ticket offices and their landing fields. This, of course, is just sugar coating. If anything, it retards the final solution of the problem by permitting communities to sidestep their inevitable responsibility. This inconvenience cuts sadly into the advertised time savings of air travel over train travel.

Great cities, all cities in fact, have got to provide air terminal facilities as central in location, or nearly so, as railroad terminals. Cities with waterfronts have an advantage in that they

do the same for an airport; and Chicago must awaken if it is to hold its logical place in the race for air supremacy among American cities.

Comfort is another problem. It is one purely for the carriers. There is a measure of comfort now, but room for vast improvement. There will have to be better provisions for ventilation. There will have to be more headroom, so that an average-sized person doesn't have to knot himself and hunch to his seat, as if he were entering an Eskimo's igloo. Manufacturers and carriers in their anxiety to rate a ship's payload higher are prone to crowd ten chairs into a cabin that would be more comfortable, for average length legs, if there were but eight chairs.

We're Through with "Boob Bait"

These matters do not deter air enthusiasts. But they make unfavorable impressions on new riders of the skyways.

These are frank comments, but they are from the heart, and based upon experience. The industry needs to develop self-analysis and self-criticism. In the old days the barnstorming circuses deliberately cultivated the impression that flying, as practiced by its exhibition daredevils, was extremely hazardous. Someone was apt to be killed. This was known as "boob bait." It drew crowds. Strangely enough the promoters, after fostering such morbid expectations, and after putting on breath-taking feats by professional scatterbrains, expected the

onlookers to take hops. And still stranger—many of the onlookers did!

Some channels of the industry today still retain the old prima donna attitude toward the public, giving the impression that flying is something mysterious and apart from the ken of average men—"You can fly with us if you pay, but you can't be let in on the secret." This unfortunate state of mind is reflected by some of the salesmen employed, who believe modern aviation is a romantic calling, whereas it is merely a new business.

That's one sort of aviation salesman. There's another and pleasanter type: earnest, honest men who sell it to you for what it is—transportation, with certain of the drawbacks of infancy, but without mystery. I know one such in Chicago.

He Changed His Mind

In the course of his work he calls on corporation executives, endeavoring to interest them in the use of air-mail and air-passenger service. He meets many tartars. One in particular listened surlily to his sales talk one day, and snapped at him upon its conclusion:

"I'm not interested. I won't fly and I won't let any of my men fly. And that's that. You're wasting time here."

"That's the way you feel now," said the salesman. "Perhaps you'll change your mind. If you ever want any information about air travel call me up. I'll be glad to help you. Here's my card."

A week later he got a phone call. It was the hard-shelled executive.

"I'm afraid I was discourteous to you last week," he began.

"Oh, no," protested the salesman.

"Well, abrupt at least. Now look here. You told me to call you if I ever wanted information. I do now. Here's the situation. My sister is dying in California. The doctors give her thirty-six hours. I can't make it by train—"

"That isn't over our line," said the salesman hastily, "but I know the schedules to California. You can get a plane shortly. You'll be there in twenty hours. I'll call up and make all arrangements for you. Furthermore, I happen to be going out to the airport on other business, so I'll drop by your office and pick you up."

Two weeks later he heard from the same executive:

"I got to California in time to see my sister before she died," he said. "I can never forget your help. You'll be interested to know I flew back, also. And hereafter I'm going to fly every time I travel, if it's possible. Drop in to see me—"

Well, it's a fascinating job, this getting you to lift your eyes. It's interesting to find out your fears, your hopes, your prejudices and prejudices. And it's gratifying to see your quick and grateful reactions to this modern transportation. Once you are sold on aviation you not only stay sold—you become a rabid enthusiast. And that's more than salesmen of any other commodity can expect from their customers!

Proof of the fact that, whether you have personally flown yet or not, you are more sold on aviation than you realize is the inescapable evidence that children are not being born today with the age-old fear of leaving the ground bred wholesale into them. The selling of aviation as transportation will end with our generation. There will be airplane salesmen in the next generation, as there are motor-car salesmen today. But they will be talking about upholstery and gadgets, not about flying. There will be no need for air transportation salesmen any more than there is need today for railroad transportation salesmen. There will be freight and traffic experts—and ticket takers.

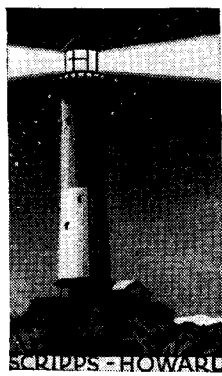
Can Mrs. Advertiser give Mr. Advertiser a BUYING IDEA?

Here he comes out to your waiting car...holding the fortunes of a dozen manufacturers in his arms. The least of those trademarks is valued at millions. The good will of each is listed among their greatest assets.

So well-known for uniformity of quality, so standard in flavor, so liked for goodness that the names of these standard products ring with friendliness. So widely advertised and trusted that you never dream of questioning the contents.

Now, say the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers to national advertisers, "Why not apply your own proved and successful merchandising formula to the buying of newspaper space? You sell a high standard of quality. Why not buy it? . . . You sell unvarying quality. Why not buy it? . . . You sell known quality. Why not buy it? You sell your goods at the lowest feasible price, in huge volume. Why not buy newspaper space in that same way?"

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The Lion and the Lamb

Continued from page 13

seated, walking with swaying hips, a crude animal grace in all her movements.

"You're a very foolish young man," she said. "I think that you're afraid of me. One day you will come after me, and then perhaps I shan't want you."

Then she passed on, and approached the man sleeping in the chair. Her method of awakening him was curiously gentle. She stroked one side of his face until his breathing gradually subsided and his eyes opened. He looked around for a moment vaguely. Then he saw David, and his hand slid into the drawer of the table which stood by his side.

"Don't worry," his visitor enjoined. "You don't need to look for your gun. I don't go in for that sort of thing. You ought to know that."

"Are you going to play straight?" the awakened man asked, struggling to raise himself into a sitting position. "Are you coming back?"

"I am not," was the firm reply.

"Then what the hell are you here for anyway?"

"Curiosity for one thing. You got your lads into my room last night by some devilish means. I came to see why they didn't make a job of it."

The man in the chair pointed a dirty, stubby forefinger at the girl.

"She wouldn't let them," he jeered. "Got a fit of soft-heartedness, or else she thought we could work you better alive."

"She thought wrong then," David observed. "I'm going to be a nuisance to you, Tottie Green."

The Chief's waistcoat rose and fell spasmodically. It seemed to be a sign from inside that he was moved to mirth.

"It would take more than a toff like you to worry me or my lads," he replied scornfully. "Better cough up the diamond, young man."

"If you mean the Virgin's Tear, I don't happen to have it," David declared tersely.

A voice, low-pitched but softly venomous, came from behind the screened doorway.

"You're a damned liar!"

DAVID and the girl turned swiftly around. Tottie Green succeeded in raising himself slightly in his chair. Reuben had opened the door noiselessly, and was standing a few feet away. He was dressed as usual with the quiet precision of a lawyer's clerk or some better-class tradesman. There was certainly little of the strikingly criminal in his appearance, except for the eyes, set too close together, and a most unprepossessing-looking mouth. There was a momentary blaze in David's eyes as he recognized him.

"Reuben Grossett!" he exclaimed. "I was hoping that you would have the courage to show yourself. What was that very pleasant word you used?"

"If you say that you didn't take the Virgin's Tear, you're a damned liar," the young man repeated, "because I saw you with it in your hand."

There was a moment's silence. Tottie Green was breathing heavily. They all stared at David.

"You didn't appear to me to be looking about much," the latter observed calmly. "The last I saw of you, you were running away like a frightened rabbit, with Lem at your heels, and with only one idea—to save your own rotten skins."

There was venom enough now in Reuben's face. He took a half step forward but checked himself.

"I didn't run until I saw the game was up," he protested fiercely. "I looked over my shoulder before I got to the door. You were just drawing something out of the smaller box. I saw the light on it. I knew at once that it was the Virgin's Tear. Then you started

coming after us—too far behind, though, to have a chance. The newspapers told us the rest. The Virgin's Tear had never been in the safe. It was in the box where you found it. I tell you, you swine," he went on, raising his voice and throwing out a long, skinny forefinger, "I saw you take it. Do you hear that, Tottie Green? I saw him take it. Now, what's he got to say?"

They all leaned a little toward David. There was a very unpleasant-looking flush in Tottie Green's cheeks, and something almost like a rattle in his windpipe. Even in the girl's face was reflected something of that greedy lust which had possessed her two associates. Tottie Green burst into speech, and his voice seemed to have risen by octaves.

"Fifty thousand pounds I can get in Amsterdam for that stone!" he cried. "You were working for the Lambs, and

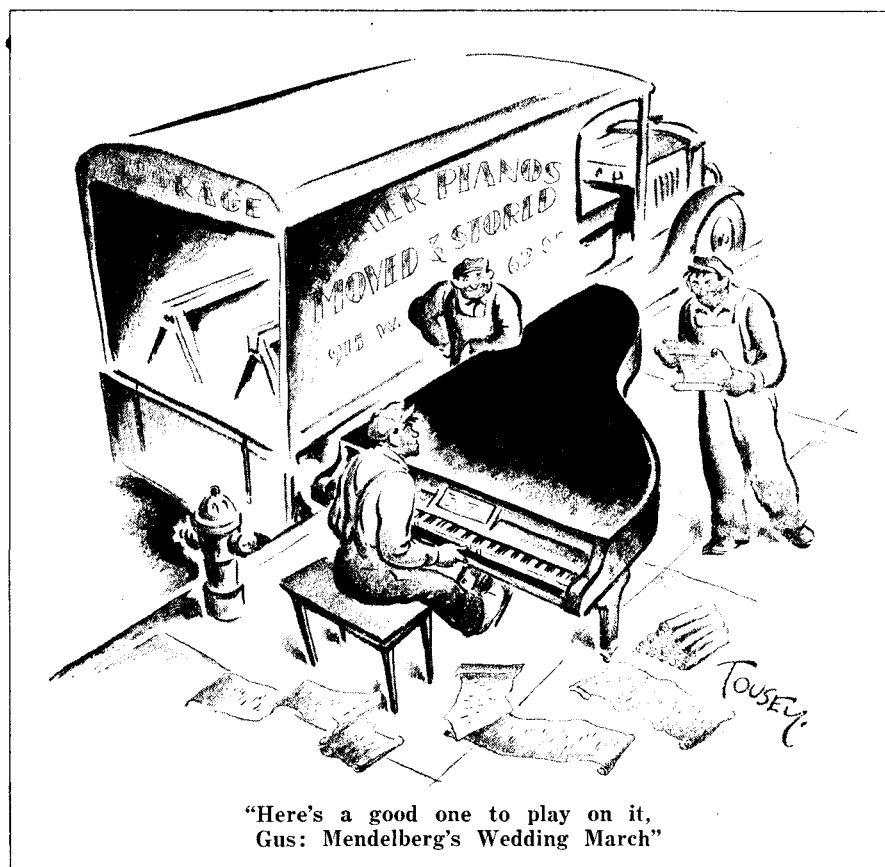
that isn't the point. What about the Virgin's Tear?"

"Reuben is telling the truth," David admitted. "I had an idea that the Virgin's Tear was in that box, but as I took it out a door opened behind me, and I saw the girl who was standing there. I bolted then, like the others, and, as I have told you before, I didn't bring the diamond away with me. If I had it would have been upon me when I was arrested."

REUBEN was swift with his question: "If you didn't dispose of it some way, why do you suppose the owners got paid for it by the insurance company?"

"I did not bring the diamond away with me," David said.

"What did you do with it, then? Where did you hide it? Who fetched it



it belongs to the Lambs. You'll hand it over, or they'll put you somewhere where the money won't help."

Then the girl spoke, slowly, a little contemptuously, flinging the words from her, as though she meant them to sting.

"I saved your life last night, Dave," she reminded him. "I didn't believe that you had the diamond. Reuben had never spoken out so plainly. If what he has just said is the truth, I don't imagine that I shall interfere again."

David changed his position slightly. He leaned against the table, facing his three accusers.

"You shall now hear the truth," he announced, addressing himself chiefly to Tottie Green. "You will remember that in every attempt Reuben and his friend Lem have made to explain away their cowardly action in locking the door between me and safety so that they both had a better chance to escape they have denied that either of them ever saw me behind. They believed that I was making my escape in some other direction. Now Reuben is telling the truth. He confesses to what I knew all the time."

"You can cut that out," Tottie Green squeaked. "They behaved rotten, but

away?" Reuben intervened, in a tone of almost agonized appeal. "Look at him, Daddy. He had nothing on him when he went in. Here he is now a bally toff. He wouldn't touch your fifty quid, or his share of what the rest of the jewels brought. Comes down here in a motor car, stays at a swell hotel, talks of hiring a band of Abbs's babies to wipe us out. Where did he get the stuff? I'll tell you. He parked the diamond somewhere, and got a pal to fetch it. That was his game, and a clever one, too."

David's earlier moments of anger had passed. He was tense and watchful, but completely at his ease. He tapped and lit a cigarette.

"My present condition of opulence," he explained, "is not due in any way to the Virgin's Tear. Whilst I was in the prison, to which the cowardice of this young man and Lem condemned me, some relatives died, and, curiously enough—jailbird though I was—their property came to me. That is the exact truth. Miss Belle, look at me for a moment. . . . That's right! You believe me, I can see."

She turned her head, and looked steadily at him.

"Yes, you may be telling the truth, David," she acknowledged. "Still, since you appeal to me, perhaps you will explain this. If you didn't bring away the Virgin's Tear, exactly what did you do with it after you had taken it out of the box?"

David sighed, and flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"I can't remember," he said.

There was a sinister little murmur of angry contempt from the two men. The girl laughed openly.

"You don't suppose you can get away with that, do you?" Reuben demanded.

"Just as I was holding the diamond in my hand," David went on, unmoved, "as I have already told you, the door behind me opened, I looked round, and there was a girl, or rather a child, as beautiful as a picture, in blue silk pajamas, watching me without a shadow of fear on her face, as though I were some part of a show. Beyond her I could see lights, and I could hear the whispering voices of people creeping up the stairs. I never thought another thing about the diamond. I ran for safety. I thought I should just reach the door before they could catch me, but I didn't realize what skunks I was working with. As you know, when I was at bay, I chose to fight, and when they'd finished with me, I was unconscious. When I came to in the hospital, I had forgotten all about the Virgin's Tear. One does forget these things, you know, after a concussion of the brain."

There was a queer little silence. Tottie Green leaned over the side of his chair, filled his glass half full of whisky, and added a splash of water. He drank noisily and gulpily, and when he set down the glass, it was half empty. Reuben moistened his lips with his tongue.

"So that's the story at last, is it? That's the story you're going to ask us to believe?"

David nodded carelessly.

"Couldn't imagine what you meant by the Virgin's Tear at first," he explained. "Those last few minutes seemed to go out of my mind altogether. Ever had concussion of the brain? Funny thing, you know. Wipes everything clean out of your memory for the time."

Reuben Grossett's hand was moving stealthily toward his hip pocket, but the girl stopped him.

"Nothing of that sort here, Reuben," she insisted. "You know the Chief wouldn't have it. Besides, dead men aren't any use to us. You should get him down to the Nursing Home, and make him talk."

"I wish I had him there now," the young man groaned.

David took up his hat and stick.

"If no one has any more to say to me," he concluded, "I imagine there is no need to prolong this interview."

TOTTIE GREEN banged with his heavy stick upon the floor.

"Listen here, David," he pronounced, "you're a sworn Lamb, and you're not free. You haven't won your quittance yet, and you don't seem likely to. It's rubbish to say that you don't remember what you did with a fifty-thousand-pound diamond. Seems to me likely that you made a hide of it."

"It's a cert," Reuben Grossett muttered.

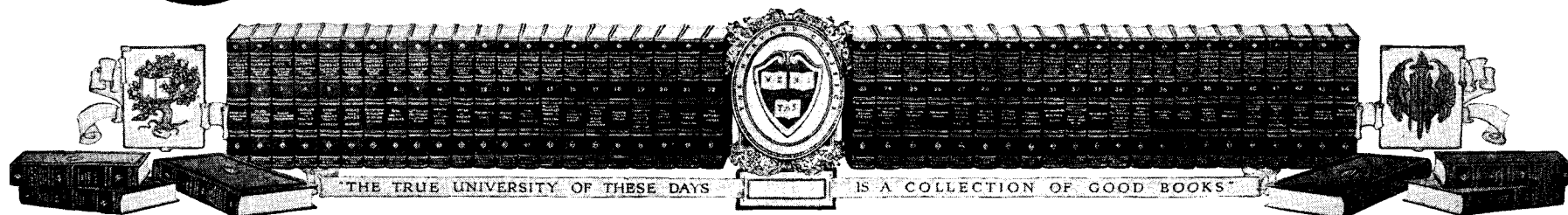
"You ain't going to get away with this, you know, David," Tottie Green went on. "It's never been done yet on my crowd or me, and it never will. We've a dozen toughs down Limehouse way who'd put out your light for an extra tenner, and be glad to. You listen to me. I ain't bragging. I don't threaten. I say the word, and the thing

(Continued on page 42)

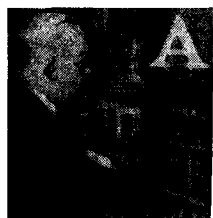
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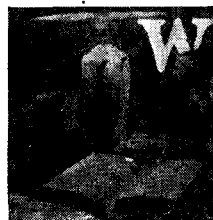
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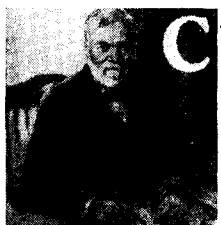


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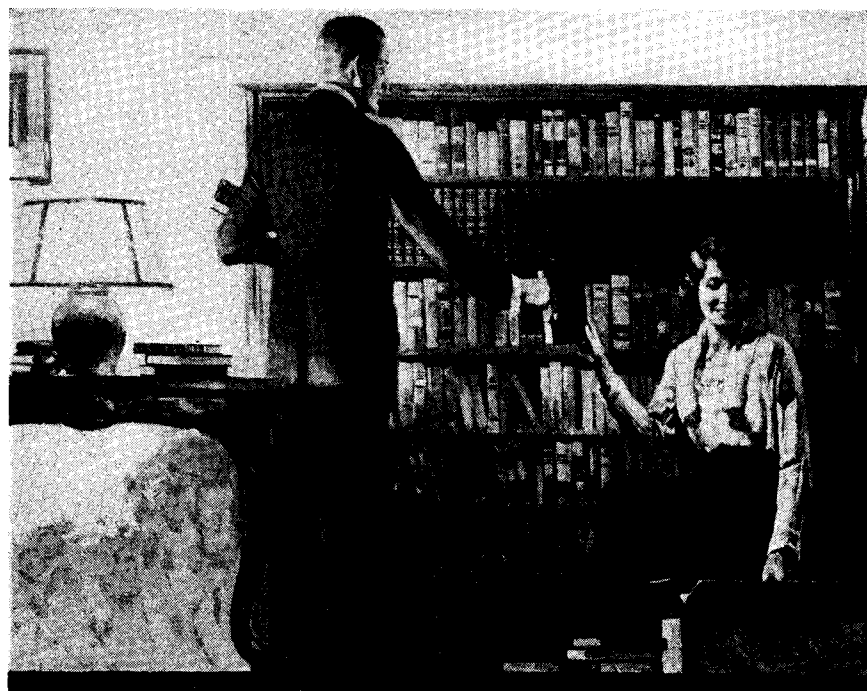
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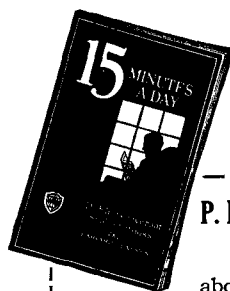


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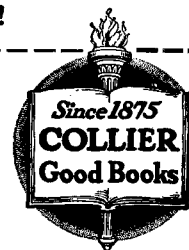
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The Lion and the Lamb

Continued from page 40

happens. Are you going to tell us what you did with that diamond?"

Despite the repulsiveness of the man, his coarseness, the foul decay of his physical self, there was something impressive about the earnestness with which he spoke. Even David abandoned his insouciance.

"My late Chief," he said, moving toward the door, "I have told you all that I feel able to about the Virgin's Tear."

He continued his progress across the room. From the threshold he looked back. Neither of the three had moved. He turned the handle of the door. They were all facing him, but no one spoke a word. He descended the staircase with the queer conviction that there was something more sinister in their silence than in threatening words.

ABBS'S emporium for sport, gymnastics and physical culture was going stronger than ever. David, who had been occupied in close conference with Sammy West, looked down the long corridor with satisfaction.

"Full house tonight, Sam," he observed.

"I can't hardly keep them away, sir," West confided. "I followed out your instructions, though—no Sunday-school young men, no weedy-shouldered ones, no whimperers. Young men with grit, born fighters, that's what you're looking for, sir, ain't it?"

"It is, indeed," David assented.

Sammy West coughed.

"Begging your pardon, sir," he went on, after a brief pause, "would it be too much to ask exactly what all this is leading up to? I've had my instructions, and they're right enough. I've got to train a band of fifty or sixty young fellows that can hold their own in a street fight, and teach them the low-down tricks of these East End gangs. I'm getting on fine, sir. But what's it all leading to?"

"You shall know all about it before long, Sam," his employer promised. "Meanwhile, I should like to ask your opinion about a theory of mine."

"Certainly, sir."

David rose to his feet, and paced the narrow confines of the office. A single typist, a young man, was at work in the room below. There was no one within hearing.

"My theory is," David continued, "that a young fellow quick on his feet, who knows something about jiu-jitsu, especially the wrist tricks, is equal at close quarters to any of these gangsters who carry knives and guns."

Sam West was a little grave.

"I'm not sure that I'm quite with you there, sir."

"**W**ELL, you must admit this," David insisted. "It takes time either to draw a gun or pull a knife. If a man can get at close quarters, he can stop either. He's top dog then because he has his hands free, and he is better on his balance, if you understand me, than the man who has been making a gesture. What he has to do, of course, is to be sure of getting at close quarters. From a dozen paces, for instance, he wouldn't have a chance against a gun. He must be careful not to be caught at a dozen paces, that's all."

"It needs a bit of pluck, you know, to tackle some of these gangsters unarmed," Sam West declared.

"I don't want men around me who haven't got a bit of pluck," was the curt reply. "You have plenty yourself, I know, West. The great point is that I want them trained with this idea—close fighting all the time. Plenty of wrist and elbow work. Look here, Sam," he went on. "Stand on the edge of that linoleum, a yard and a half away from me. . . . Yes, that's about the spot. Now, you have a knife in

that pocket—a special pocket, of course, just below your waistcoat—and you have a gun in your hip-pocket. When I count three, see what you can do. Don't tell me which you are going for."

They stood opposite each other, Sam West perhaps an inch taller than his employer, his hands quivering, his eyes watching for his opponent's first movement. David stood like a rock, except that one foot was slightly in front of the other. His eyes were like points of steel. He counted. One—two—three. Sammy West's sudden cry of pain startled the young typist below. His right hand, seized whilst it was still several inches from his trousers pocket, was bent and twisted in an iron grasp. David's right fist could at any moment have knocked him out. The latter stepped back with a smile.

"You see what I mean, Sam," he pointed out. "At that distance, you couldn't have reached gun or knife. You chose the easier, and I got you. Before you could have made an effort even to get your wrist away, I could have hammered you unconscious."

"You got me all right, sir," the man acknowledged ruefully. "It would take me some time, though, to train my lads to be as quick as that. I don't know where you picked it up, but I'd be sorry for the gangster who tried to tackle you."

"I picked it up during some of my years of wandering in Australia," David admitted, with a reminiscent smile. "I had no end of jobs there, and one was in an academy of this sort."

Sammy West rubbed his wrist lightly.

Suddenly he paused, and stood rigid.

"What's wrong?" David asked him.

Sam moved toward the door.

"I thought I heard a queer sort of noise same as I heard in the entry last night, sir," he confided. "Like as though there were the footsteps of three or four men with gummies on—sort of shuffling. I was talking to half a dozen of the boys—making a bit of noise, we were—and by the time we got out there was no one to be seen. Follow me quietly, sir."

The two men crept on tiptoe to the door. Here once more Sam West paused to listen. Outside was the sound of muffled voices.

"Someone who isn't up to any good," David whispered. "Open the door quietly, Sam."

THE two men took a quick step out into the entry. It was a dark night with a few spots of rain falling, but at close quarters it was easy to discern several shadowy forms.

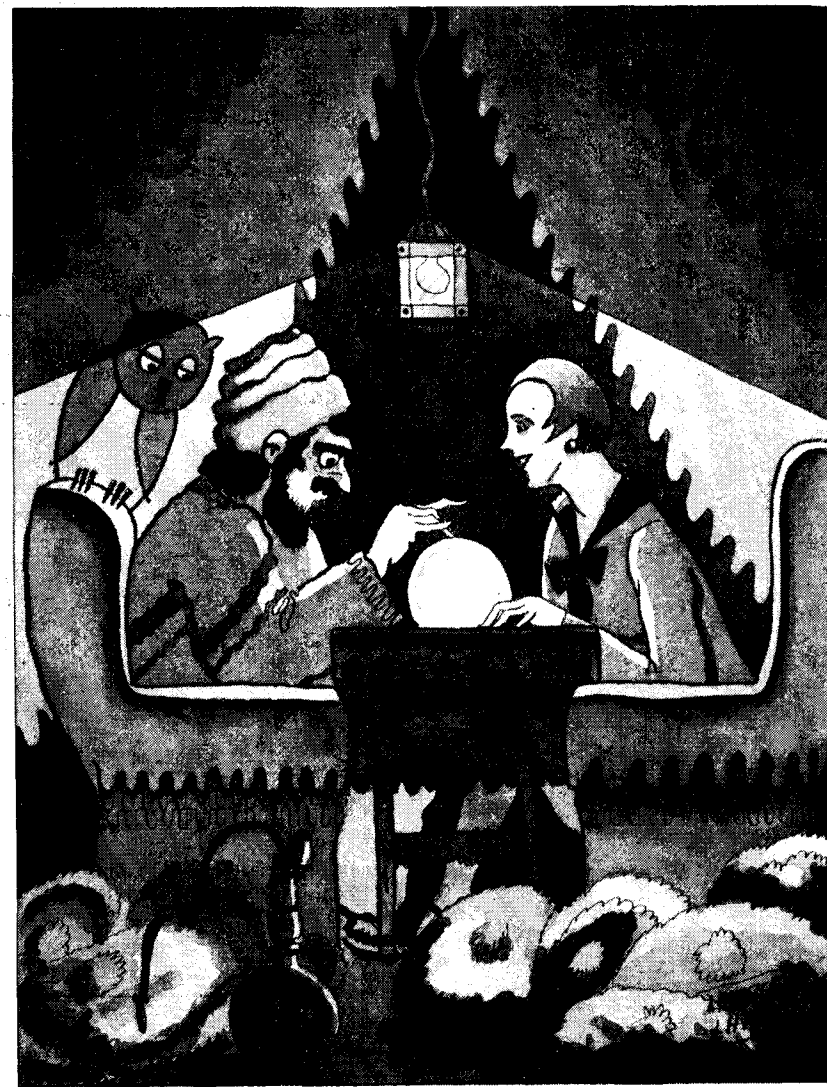
"Hi! What are you fellows doing around here?" Sam shouted.

Two of them were edging away, but, moving swiftly, he blocked the passage.

"What the hell business is that of yours?" one of the three retorted. "This entry ain't private property."

"It leads to nowhere except my warehouse," was the prompt reply. "Come here, and let's have a look at you."

"And what the mischief are you doing on the window sill?" David demanded, as a man slid on to the ground. "No, you don't!"



"Can't you have me be a great author?
I just loathe interior decoration"

The man who had tried to escape by rushing past David found himself suddenly tackled. They swayed together for a moment. Even in the dim light David saw a thin, skinny hand steal downward. In a moment there was a yell of pain, and the youth was lying writhing on his back. The knife went flashing over the wall.

"Get up!" David ordered. "You're going to get something for this."

The man, unexpectedly released, sprang to his feet, and rushed in. A moment later he was lying once more on his back, and this time voiceless. David swung round, just in time to dodge a blow from one of the other marauders. A few yards back stood a third man with something that looked like a machine gun stretched out before him.

"Take care, Sam!" David cried.

His momentary inattention nearly cost him dear, for the man with whom he had closed, taking a swift step sideways, kicked him on the shins. He staggered, barely escaping an upper cut. He swayed for a moment, recovered himself, feinted with his right, and finally got his left home, with a sickening crash on to his opponent's mouth. Swinging round, he made for the man from whose strange instrument was pouring a stream of what seemed to be water. He turned the instrument toward David, and his left hand went into his coat pocket.

David, mystified, ducked and went for the man, but this time Sam was the quicker. The man went crashing against the iron railing, and the instrument he had been holding fell clattering on to the stone flags. David went down on his knees, and felt in the pocket of the unconscious man against the railings. He drew out something which felt like a prickly ball, and flung it against one of the tombstones. It burst instantly into flames.

"Take off your coat, Sam," David called out, as he stood upright. "You're soured with petrol!"

He stood up, and took breath. The second man was twitching a little, but the man who had slipped from the window sill was still unconscious.

"Can't you see the game?" David continued. "They came to set fire to the place. Sam, listen to me."

Sam, who had torn off his coat and waistcoat, stood at attention.

"That first man," David went on, "I want him. Drag him through the door. We'll hand the other two over to the police. Quick, or we shall have someone here."

SAM raised their first victim by his armpits, and dragged him through the door. He returned with an electric torch and followed by a little stream of eagerly inquiring young men.

"Someone trying to burn this place down," David announced. "Fetch a policeman, one of you. And listen, not a word about the man inside. I know who he is—Dick Ebben—and he may be useful to us. Get him into my office."

They were only just in time. A lantern flashed at the bottom of the entry, and a policeman and sergeant came hurrying up.

"What's wrong here?" the latter demanded.

"We caught these two men trying to set fire to my gymnasium," David explained. "You'll find some fireballs in that man's pocket, and you see they have a hydrant full of petrol."

The sergeant bent over the man. When he stood upright again, he was gazing at something in his hand.

"Gunman," he muttered. "Jim, there's an ambulance pillar at the corner. Better have it round. Attempted arson, eh? We'll send them off, sir, and take particulars from you later on."

(To be continued next week)



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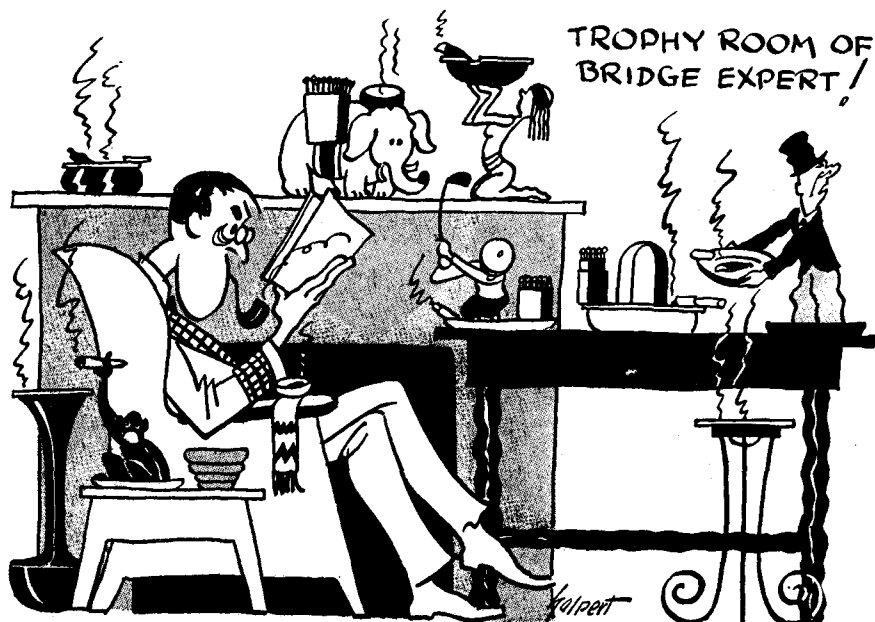
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D. Q-9-8-5-2		D. K-3	
C. 8-6-3		C. K-7-4	

THE above hand, which was given in last week's Collier's, was played in a game of Contract Bridge. The bidding was: South three Spades, West pass, North four Hearts, East pass, South four Spades.

If it had been played in Auction Bridge, South would have bid three Spades, which would be followed by three passes.

In the Contract bidding, South has ample strength to justify an opening bid of three Spades. As a matter of fact, his only question would be whether he should bid three or four; but as he is not likely to take ten tricks unless North produces one, three is the safer bid. North, with a singleton Diamond and the Ace of Hearts, has much more than sufficient strength to jump the three Spades to four even without normal Spade support; but by bidding four hearts he can picture the character of his hand more accurately. Although North's bid shows that he has long strong Hearts, South cannot permit that declaration to stand and bids four Spades. South's four-bid, although absolutely necessary, is somewhat risky. North's only strength may be in Hearts without an entry in any other suit; in that case, South having no Heart to lead, North may never make a trick unless the adversaries lead Hearts—and the Declarer's contract may fail.

The Play

The play was at Contract, but would have been the same at Auction Bridge; West properly started by leading his fourth best Diamond. Dummy played the singleton Jack, East the Ace and closed hand the Trey.

To trick 2, East led his singleton trump. From East's viewpoint South may hold the Deuce of Diamonds, the Trey having been played as a false card (in which case West's Five was his lowest, West having had four and South three Diamonds originally); if so, De-

clarer may wish to use one or both of dummy's trumps for ruffing South's Diamonds. South's bidding indicates that the East and West trumps are useless and the trump lead at least keeps North from cashing more than one of his two small trumps.

South of course won the first trump trick, playing the Ace (a somewhat unimportant false card), and after that knew that he could drop the adverse Queen whenever he so desired. But before taking out the last adverse trump—and with it dummy's last trump—Declarer, who wished to put dummy in the lead, realized that he could do it only by having South lead a Diamond for dummy to ruff. Accordingly, on trick 3, Declarer used dummy's last trump to ruff South's lead of his good King of Diamonds. Getting the lead in dummy in this way was for the purpose of discarding one of South's losing Clubs on North's Ace of Hearts, and on trick 4 this much-needed discard was obtained.

Declarer now had lost one trick and won three; he could cinch game by cashing his seven remaining trumps, and he could put South in with a Heart ruff, unless West had no more Hearts—which would be very improbable.

But Declarer had a good chance of picking up an extra trick by leading a Club instead of a Heart from dummy, so to trick 5 dummy led the Deuce of Clubs, East played the Ace, South the Seven, and West the Trey. After East's Club Ace won, nothing mattered; whether East continued Diamonds, Clubs or Hearts was immaterial. In any event the Declarer must take the remaining tricks, scoring one more than his contract called for, and also one more than game.

In Auction Declarer's score would have been 45 below and 80 above the line: in contract 120 below and 150 above—50 for the extra trick and 100 for four suit-honors in one hand.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North		East	
S. 8-6-5		S. A-10-9	
H. 10-4		H. J-7-3	
D. Q-9-7-4-2		D. K-8-3	
C. A-10-5		C. 9-8-4-3	
West		South	
S. J-7-4-3		S. K-Q-2	
H. Q-9-8-6-2		H. A-K-5	
D. A-5		D. J-10-6	
C. 6-2		C. K-Q-J-7	

Catfish Wiggins tries the Planets

Continued from page 9

most of the afternoon. Preliminary plans were completed to erect a yellow and white polka dot refreshment stand, to sell Bon Ton Hot Dogs, alongside each of the thousands of yellow and white polka dot Lightning Oil and Gas stations that spotted the country.

It was a triumph of a lifetime for Henry Wiggins. It would double the profits of the Bon Ton Meat Products Corporation. But when the meeting adjourned and he went from the board room into W. B. Nash's office, other things were on his mind.

"Well," said W. B. brightly, "everything's all right."

"Uh-huh," Henry grunted. "Maybe."

"We'll sign the papers next week and by January first you can start construction work."

"Uh-huh. Listen, W. B., I'm in trouble. I need help—darn good help, darn quick."

W. B. listened to Henry's story of the distressing situation and shook his head doubtfully.

"I'll suggest your name," he said. "I'll do that. But you can't win. Morrow-Smythe is chairman of the nominating committee. I'll tell you"—he brightened—"the Morrow-Smythes are coming over this week to play bridge. You folks come, too. Maybe you can smooth things over. I'll ask Mrs. Nash."

"That's it!" Henry exclaimed. "If I got a chance to be polite to the Whoosis-Whoosis it might work. I'll say 'Yes, ma'am' and pick up her handkerchief and hold her chair for her and tell her how smart she is—and maybe I can square it. Thanks, W. B."

Matilda Wiggins had small faith in Henry's plan.

"I know Mrs. Morrow-Smythe," she said on the way over to the Nashes, "and I know you. If you were John Gilbert and Don Juan and Rudy Vallee and Lord Chesterfield and the fellow that tossed his coat in the mud for the queen to walk on—if you were all of those people put together, you couldn't fix it after what you did to her."

"Phooey," Henry answered. "Look what the planets say. This is the open season for me to square everything."

"Oh, very well," she sighed. "I'm just trying to be helpful." When the Morrow-Smythes arrived at the Nash home and found Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wiggins on hand, smiling and bowing, the Morrow-Smythes couldn't very well reach for their hats and call their car. They bowed back frigidly and Mrs. Morrow-Smythe said "Oh," tonelessly, when Mrs. Nash said they'd play cut-in.

MRS. NASH, from a Kentucky family of genuine standing with a husband who had more money than he knew what to do with, moved effortlessly in a position of importance in Englewood. She never tried to crowd forward. She never mentioned money. In fact, she talked very little, which caused to be spread abroad the impression that she was a very smart woman. Which she was.

She liked Henry Wiggins, even though he habitually dropped his cigar ashes into his empty coffee cup, instead of into an ash tray.

As the evening progressed it looked as if the planets had abandoned all other activities to concentrate upon the task of making good their promise to Henry Wiggins. He was saying the right thing at the right time and the Morrow-Smythes began to thaw.

Back in Topeka, Kansas, women liked to trade at Henry's market and he was the most popular butcher in town. No

man rises to that distinction unless he has an instinctive flair for effective flattery.

Mrs. Morrow-Smythe was a plump, forceful New Englander who was constantly wondering what the young folks were coming to. She believed in the Eighteenth Amendment because it was such a good thing for workingmen's wives, although, with a little urging, she always was willing to take just one more cocktail. She was tremendously interested in Better Government, which shared her conversational activities with the cute antics of her Boston terrier, who was named Rooster and who would bring back a ball if you threw it.

Henry told Mrs. Morrow-Smythe that he always had wanted a Boston terrier that would bring back a ball when you threw it, and asked her what she thought of Herbert Hoover.

HER husband was the Eastern sales manager for a motor car company whose earnings recently had dropped several million dollars because the sales managers hadn't managed enough sales. He was a dapper man of perhaps forty-five and opened every conversation with a new acquaintance by asking, "What car d'ya drive?"

If the answer was not the kind of car that Mr. Morrow-Smythe's force was trying to sell, he became magnanimous and broad and forgiving.

"Good car," he would say. "Very good car. Driven it long? . . . Well, after you've gone about ten thousand with that job you better trade it in. It's got a bad rear end and some day you'll find yourself a hundred miles from home with the rear end all torn to hellangone. Here's my card. Give me a ring some day and I'll send one of my boys around and give you a demonstration."

Henry worked like a Tammany district leader.

"I think you're right," he told Morrow-Smythe. "As soon as your new models are out, let me have a look. I'll need a couple."

The cuts for partners did not team up Mrs. Morrow-Smythe with Henry until late in the evening. When he was one of her opponents he was a good winner and a better loser, praising her sound bidding and wishing that he had a memory like hers. He yessed her like the first assistant to a motion picture director.

"It beats all," he told her, "how you make those cards behave. That takes brains."

Mrs. Morrow-Smythe smiled modestly and rested her elbows on her chest as she sorted her cards. Nobody could remain entirely cold in the face of such intelligent comment as that.

Henry was running in oil. "Now things will begin to happen," he predicted genially, when he found himself opposite her. "I'll get some of my money back."

They were playing for a cent a point and Henry was sixty dollars behind. The Nashes were their opponents. Mrs. Wiggins was sitting in a corner with Morrow-Smythe, asking him what he thought of the Federal Reserve.

Mrs. Nash looked at the score pad. "I'm about even," she said.

Mrs. Morrow-Smythe beamed condescendingly. "I'm nearly seventy-five dollars ahead," she gloated. "I hope I can make it a hundred."

"Just shows," said Henry, "that class will tell."

The planets were performing. The cards started to run toward Henry and, bidding cautiously, he managed to let

Mrs. Morrow-Smythe do most of the playing. She was bidding recklessly, but time after time, as dummy, he laid down bunches of aces and kings and queens that pulled her through.

"You're a great bridge player," said Henry.

"As a partner," she confessed, "you're quite helpful."

Bridge players, unconsciously, are prone to warm toward partners who hold good cards and as she found trick after trick, and dollar after dollar, in Henry's hands she began to feel that she had misjudged him.

"That's game and rubber," she said finally. "We should be going."

She leaned on the table as Mrs. Nash totaled up the score. "Partner," she smiled at Henry, "we ought to play more often together."

"You're six dollars short of your hundred," Mrs. Nash announced.

"Oh, my!" Mrs. Morrow-Smythe exclaimed. "How can that be? That grand slam—"

She pulled herself to her feet and went around to look over Mrs. Nash's shoulder.

Henry rose quickly. He was all aglow. Victory was his! With the help of the planets he had squared things with Mrs. Morrow-Smythe!

"We ought to play more often together," she had said!

HE STOOD beside her as she tried to add nine and eight and six. "Won't you and Mr. Morrow-Smythe come over to our house some evening soon?" he asked. "And you folks, too, Mrs. Nash?"

"Surely," said Mrs. Nash. Matilda and Morrow-Smythe had joined the group.

"Say next Wednesday?" Matilda suggested.

"I guess so," said Mrs. Morrow-Smythe. She still was studying the score.

"Here, sit down," Henry offered, all enthusiastic. He reached for a chair and held it back for Mrs. Morrow-Smythe.

"Thanks," she said, hardly glancing around.

"Let's make it tomorrow night," said Morrow-Smythe to Matilda. They were standing behind Henry, who turned to answer that tomorrow night would be fine.

He felt something hit the chair. He heard a dull thud and someone said "Oof!" as the house shook. He wheeled and saw Mrs. Morrow-Smythe sitting in a heap on the floor—two hundred pounds of her. Her hair was awry. Her face crimson. She was a mess!

"Gee whiz!" Henry cried. He was petrified. He looked down at the vacant chair that he still held by the back. He must have moved it out from under her as he turned! "Oh, gosh!" He reached down to help her. Morrow-Smythe, glaring at Henry, took the other side and they hoisted her to her feet and backed her to the couch.

"O-o-oh!" she groaned.

Henry was in a panic. "Oh, golly! How did it happen! I didn't—I thought—how did it happen, anyway? Gosh almighty, Mrs. Who—I mean, Mrs. Morrow-Smythe, say, that's terrible! Where did it hurt you? I mean—"

"Stupid!" she raged. "You—you—you clodhopper!"

"I suppose," Morrow-Smythe sneered at Henry, "that's one of your Kansas jokes!"

"No, sir!" Henry assured him. "I wouldn't have had that happen for the world. Golly! It's no joke to me. Not on your life!" He looked around hopelessly, carefully avoiding Matilda's eyes. "Well," he sighed, "I guess we better be going." He fumbled in his wallet and dropped on the table the money he owed. Automatically he said

to Mrs. Nash, "We enjoyed your party very much. Good night!"

The Morrow-Smythes made no answer.

AT THE office the next morning the only thing that lightened Henry Wiggins' despair was his poem about Bon Ton Hot Dogs. The cards had come from the printer and were being mailed out to the customers.

"That's great stuff!" he exclaimed, as he re-read his verse. He gave an approving smile to the red and white Santa Claus who was eating a red Bon Ton Hot Dog and announcing "Take a Tip from Me!"

On his desk was a huge bundle. They were the Wiggins' Christmas cards—expensive folders that Matilda had selected with great care—a six-color picture of an old English inn with Christmas revelers making whoopee out in the snow. Engraved were the words: "Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. Wiggins wish you a Merry Yuletide." The envelopes alone cost twenty cents each.

Matilda that morning had broken her determination never to speak to Henry again, and had thrust the package into his hands as he left for the train.

"Take those down," she ordered. "Have them addressed and mailed. The list is inside."

He unwrapped the package and took out the list and looked it over. Just about everybody in Engleale. She hadn't even scratched off the Morrow-Smythes.

He rang for his new secretary and handed her the envelopes and the list. "Have these addressed," he said. "They're for Christmas cards."

He was busy all day on the deal with the Lightning Oil Company. He was about to leave for home when he noticed the pile of engraved cards on his desk. He called his secretary.

"Are those envelopes addressed?" he asked her.

"Yes, sir," she answered. "They're all mailed."

"Mailed?"

"They were all out before noon," she said, proudly.

He did not understand. "But—but"—he pointed to the cards—"you didn't send out empty envelopes, did you? These were to go in them."

Startled, the secretary looked down at the expensive messages of cheer that Matilda had so carefully selected.

"Oh, dear!" she gasped. "Have I made a mistake? I must have misunderstood, Mr. Wiggins."

"What did you misunderstand?"

"Those envelopes—I—I, oh, Mr. Wiggins, did I do wrong? I sent out the butcher's cards—your poem!"

"The poem? About hot dogs! To—to all those society people!"

He sank helplessly into his chair.

"Did I do wrong, Mr. Wiggins?" the secretary begged.

"Great Jehoshaphat!" moaned Mr. Wiggins. That was all he said.

The secretary edged nervously toward the door.

"Get me Tiffany's on the phone," he ordered. "I got to buy a necklace quick. Maybe two necklaces."

THE \$12,000 pearl necklace, unknown to Matilda, was locked in Henry's safe in the library, ready, like beads and gewgaws carried by African explorers, to be used as a peace offering when the inevitable broadside began. Henry made no mention at home of the mix-up in Christmas cards. Better to take that up under new business, later on.

He announced that he thought they needed a rest and that they might leave for Quebec right away if Matilda agreed.

Paradoxically, one of the things about

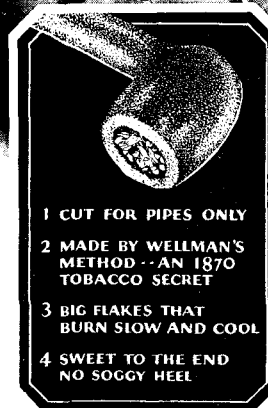
(Continued on page 46)



"... and the man who smokes, thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan."

—Bulwer-Lytton

A



cooler smoke in a drier pipe

One pound of good cheer:

A Christmas package, very handsome in gold and black, has been designed for Granger Rough Cut's many devotees.

It contains one full pound of such ripe, mellow tobacco as may well express the season's spirit between good friends. Prime Kentucky Burley, made smooth and fragrant by the secret "Wellman 1870 Method," and specially "rough cut" for slow cool burning in pipes.

Dealers generally throughout the country now have this Christmas canister.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT



... in more pipes every day!

Sailcloth and Satin

Continued from page 18

entertained as usual, the lingering effect of dinner champagne added to the enthusiasm with which he received the suggestion. Or perhaps from the corner of his eye he caught a command or a prayer from Sue's. "Why not?" he agreed. "We might sail for the Mediterranean in a month or two with another hand. There's a bunk astern. But you'll have to fix it with your family. They're after you now as it is. You found that Mr. Norris' card, didn't you?"

"I found it," said Nick. "Old Norris is all right but I'm not going to the Golf Hotel to see him. I'm not going ashore at all. I've tried about everything there is ashore. The sea may be better. I've nothing to lose."

"I've found the sea better," said Bretherton. "One goes to the land only for a little, I might call it, pleasant vengeance." He winked as he said that. Then he drew erect and became skipper. "All right, Converse, get below. Your bunk is aft. Wait—I've some gear you can use."

THEY left her at the rail, watching, as one does sometimes when the mind is focused elsewhere, the light from the Casino terrace cascading into the bay. Presently her father returned to her side. "Don't be a young fool, Sue," he said, nodding toward the light. "You can get along without cocktails and gigolos and jazz bands. Every real joy is about you here."

She tossed her dark head impatiently. "Yes, the joy of seeing life, a girl's life anyway, forever from a distance. I want people and earth and grass. I'd like to roll in it. I'd like hills all about me so that I could never even glimpse the sea. I'll run away to the land one day."

"You'd come back again another day," said her father. "You're in a mood, Sue. Forget it. With this American fellow aboard we've crew enough to cruise. We might try a run to San Sebastian as soon as he learns a bit."

"He won't stay," she said. "I wish you'd put him ashore now and have done with it."

Her father's laughter jarred her nerves apparently, for she turned to go below with fingers clenched as if upon some sudden decision. That white-faced Miss Finn, emerging from the companionway as Sue went below, followed her with a curious glance, an off-guard glance as when fear or hate need not be concealed. The woman joined Bretherton at the rail and the pair conversed in low tones without looking at each other.

I learned those details much later but I mention them now for the sake of sequence. I received a note from Nick the next morning to the effect that he intended to remain aboard the Albatross and I waited two days for him to change his mind, in the meantime cabling developments to his father in New York. I received orders to stand by and observe, and the third morning I took a dinghy and was rowed out to the ketch.

As I expected, Nick was cordial enough to me but not to my arguments. The Aquitania sailed in three days and we could have caught it. "No chance, Norris," he said. "I'm more interested in these spars and getting the main-sail rigged than in all the stock tickers, night clubs, and concrete of New York. These have been the best three days I've had in five years and I'm not going to leave. We're sailing for San Sebastian at dawn."

The Wingates had a dinner party at their villa that night and Bretherton was there, easily the most distinguished-looking and interesting personality at the table. It was difficult to remember the gaunt apparition with a sheet wound about its middle I had glimpsed through the companionway of the Albatross only a few days before. Tonight he was elaborating a theory that men kept their heads in physical crises better than women, whereas in moments of mental or emotional importance the reverse was true.

Someone challenged with the episode of Sue's pulling Nick Converse out of the bay and that brought the talk to her and the life she led. "It's a good life," defended her father, "as compared with the lives other girls her age are leading. It could hardly be better."

Old Wingate had the courage to say what everybody else thought: "It's neither a good life nor a bad one, Bretherton. That's the trouble. For a girl, it's no life at all. I'll wager she'll jump at the first proposal of marriage she gets, to find one."

"Hardly." The admiral was not annoyed in the least. "Sue has received four proposals of marriage already. One was a well-born and landed Spaniard who came on board at San Sebastian last year. Another was the son of a brother officer of mine. A third, although it's a small boast—and I doubt his honorable intent toward any girl—was that young Terris boulder who hounds her when she swims in to the beach."

"And the fourth?" I could have bitten my tongue for asking. He had played me.

"The fourth," he said, smiling and looking straight at me, "was a young American gentleman of apparent position and wealth. I like him because he has a soft manner and hard hands."

I knew he was lying. There hadn't been time. The old fox was feeling out through me the possible attitude of Nick's family. But that night as I looked out from my hotel window over the star-draped bay I could wish it were true. I could imagine Nick Converse and his South Wind together on the deck of that squat old hulk filling a wide and wondrous solitude with each other.

IT WAS not very far to San Sebastian but Bretherton took them two days straight out to sea before turning southward and they were cruising all told for ten days. For him it was only ten days of his sea-spent life.

To Nick Converse they were ten days of azure and ten nights under a jeweled sky, mornings with a white in the blue and a flying white on the tumbling sea that splintered into gleaming spray over the bow and came welcome into one's face, evenings when a big red sun spun down the west and stained all the waters until they quenched its fire. There was something always for his hands to grip and his muscles to pull and his heart to yearn for.

Yes, he knew it by then. It was the spray in Sue's face as she stood trousered and sailor-clad beside him. It was Sue in her bathing suit hanging to the bowsprit and being plunged through the waves like the carved prow-piece of a Viking wanderer. It was Sue silhouetted at the rail in the evening, or pouring tea, or talking honestly and frankly at the dinner table about things that might have confused more self-conscious girls. It was Sue, not the sea. She was

(Continued on page 48)

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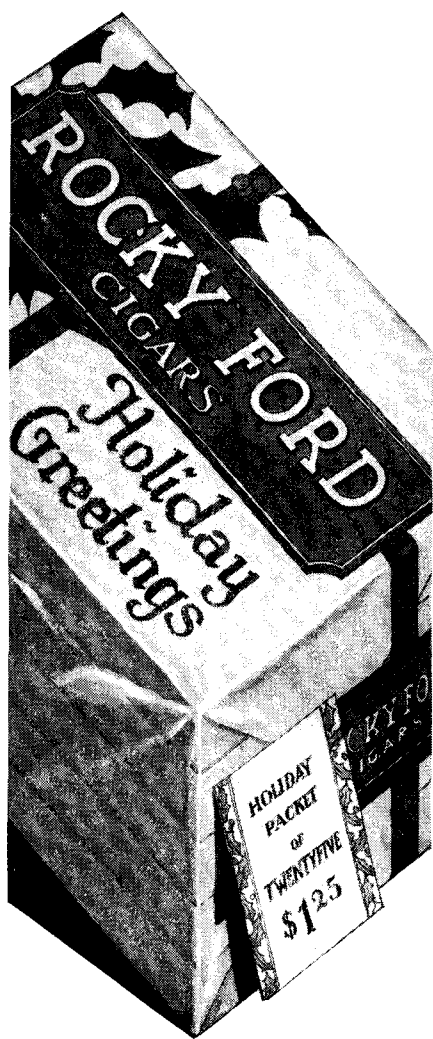
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WHEN IT'S GOT
THE STUFF...
A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

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(Continued from page 47)

the first great want in Nick Converse's life.

And he could not have her. He could not even tell her. She slipped through his fingers day after day while old man Bretherton watched them with a sardonic smile and Miss Finn's silence deepened until she might have been dumb.

He was taken by surprise when his one chance came. He had planned all the things he would say. She came on deck late one of the last nights when he had relieved old Tippet's watch. The helm was lashed. She came aft in a coat and sandals looking for a book she'd left and she walked straight into Nick's arms before, in faint beam of the stern light, she realized he was there.

She made no effort to escape. In fact, as he held her and told her, there was response enough to his eyes and his caress to make him know she was his. He forgot the things he'd meant to say and said other things which meant more, and finally he said she would be mate for him and his ship always.

That did it. She broke away from him as if he'd hurt her. "Shall I? So you are like my father! You are mad, you mean—sea mad. Look at it! You do not know it for a desert. But I know it. I will not love you. You shall not keep me. I shall—I shall show you soon enough."

THE morning of the eleventh day I saw from my window the distinct black outline of the Albatross riding at anchor and almost motionless once more in the bay of St. Jean de Luz. I was to witness the fact of Sue's "showing them" before I knew of the threat. The day was hot and became hotter, so that even those who bathed as usual in the late morning were driven again to the beach in the afternoon. I was among them, lying in the shade of the tent flap of some golf-course friends. One of them called attention to the swimmer halfway in from the ketch and for a moment I thought and hoped it was Nick and that he'd had enough sea and was ready to go home.

A second glance, something in the style of her crawl stroke, marked the swimmer as Sue. She came in with amazing speed, a matter of a few minutes only before she stood up, kicked through the shallow water and joined a group of somewhat hilarious young people on the beach below us. One of my friends said: "She'd do well to stay out of that crowd. Did you see them last night? That big chap who has just sat down beside her is young Terris. He's not so good."

I'd admit having my ear cocked to listen in but I could hear nothing until Terris called across the circle of the group to one of the other girls: "Hey, Peggy, can you fix Sue up with a dress tonight? She'll join the party if you can. The admiral wouldn't let her if she went back to the boat for her own."

They were beach acquaintances, glad enough for a new recruit for their already famous orgies. My friend noticed, as I did, young Terris' proprietorship and said bluntly: "That's her finish. It's odds on she doesn't get back to the boat tonight."

I wondered if I ought to send word out to Nick. I wondered if he'd care. It was one of those situations that older people long to meddle in, but I resisted. After all, whatever she meant to Nick, he couldn't mean much to her if she would pick up so casually with Terris. However, I could barely wait for eleven-thirty that night to excuse myself from a bridge game and hurry down to the Casino, so much in a hurry that I forgot my topcoat and regretted it when I felt the chill wind of a weather change coming in from the bay.

A gala dinner was just breaking up at the Casino and I had no trouble finding Sue in the midst of her perhaps a bit too noisy party. They gathered about two tables near the dance floor and ordered drinks. Sue was wide-eyed and a little subdued. Also she was exquisite. That foolish Peggy had loaned her a becoming gown of rose and white, trailing in back. After a drink or two of spirits she forgot her timidity and began dancing, first with one and then the other and mostly with Terris.

I had a vision of her practicing dancing on the deck of the Albatross. How else could she learn? I lingered over a long drink for more than an hour. One of their party, protesting, said in a loud voice: "What do you mean good night? The evening's young. We're all going to the Auberge Bar."

I went there first and was in a secluded corner when they swarmed in. It was a small place, only a step from the Casino and locally famous for many things. The bartenders seized their shakers; the smoke thickened; the usual sort of racket began, reasonably harmless perhaps if one did not know too much about several of them.

Sue and Terris sat facing me and I was fascinated by the play of expression in her face, fear, distaste, amusement, determination. At that, I am sure they'd already given her too much to drink. Terris' arm was about her and I don't think she knew it. She sang a sea chantey for them after while and earned a cheer and a toast. Then she subsided again beside that fellow, in the circle of his arm and under the influence of his low-voiced persuasion.

There were factors, though, which I had no way of realizing. Another hour reduced the party to a pretty maudlin state, a dangerous state too. The clamor of it had reached a peak when the swinging door pushed open and Nick Converse walked in. He had on his sailor's ducks and a shirt and you had to know the Converses to be aware that a black rage hid behind his casual smile. Just at the moment I was rather proud of knowing the Converses.

Nick pretended not to see them and went up to the bar and ordered a drink, turning around finally as if it were natural he should find her there. "So there you are," he said. "I was looking for you at the Casino. I've come in to row you out."

Her face was a study, but Terris growled out: "Where do you get that cave-man stuff! I'll row her out when she's ready."

"She's ready now," said Nick, sauntering across the room casually. He must have seen Terris take a grip on the siphon bottle in front of him; for he didn't wait any more. He simply took the fellow by wrist and coat collar and dragged him out of his chair. Down went the table, splashing and crashing. Terris made a swing with his bottle, and Nick stretched him out on the floor with one punch.

THE Auberge Bar was accustomed to rows but this one was special. Several of the other men made rushes at Nick and were knocked spinning into the four corners of the room. He had his back to the bar. The girls were screaming, all but Sue. I saw the look in her eyes and I knew she would belong to Nick Converse all the rest of her life, on the sea or off it. Tumblers and bottles crashed all around her but she didn't budge. One of the bartenders made a swing at the back of Nick's head with a Perrier bottle. I caught him a crack on the wrist with my stick. Somebody turned out the lights.

When they came on again Nick and Sue were gone. I had one last look at them half a block up the Boulevard

Thiers. He was carrying her in his arms, and her arms were clasped about his neck.

That should have been the end for one night but it wasn't. I can't be too definite because I only know what I was told. When Nick lifted her up the ladder of the Albatross, they found the admiral pacing the deck in a blind fury. He took one look at Sue. But all he said was: "You disobeyed orders. I'll take you back where I can watch you better. Tippet and I will make sail. You get up the anchor and see what you can do with the engine, Converse. We're sailing for Bayonne."

Old Tippet made a tentative suggestion about waiting for the next tide and a look at the weather. Bretherton swore at him. Of course, they hadn't left the Bay of St. Jean de Luz three hours astern when one of the worst storms of the year broke all about them. The admiral regained enough of his sea judgment to stand away from that rocky coast and run for the open. The Albatross rode very well and was sturdy enough, and in that sea, lifted into green and white mountains in the whistling gale, she needed all her strength.

Bretherton's "All hands on deck" had brought Miss Finn and Sue above in trousers and oilskins. They were sailors now, each one struggling and almost obliterated from the other's sight in the drive of hail, rain and spray. They fought until they had only a shred of jib left, just enough to hold them into the wind. The Albatross buried her nose in a comber and a four-foot wall of water swept her from stem to stern.

Nick Converse had been standing at the bow wondering what had become of his sea of blue and white and of purple distance. He was hurled back against the deck house as if he'd been a featherweight. His terrified glance found Sue, picking herself up beside the stern rail. Her small face was white but she smiled back at him.

THAT was only the first of many blows. Nick found his strength of little use against the force of water which swept them every time the bow went in and the Albatross could not rise fast enough. It angered him. He went back and tried to hold Sue in his arms. It was cruel to allow a girl to be beaten around like that. So they were beaten together. Miss Finn came above and shouted to Bretherton that a timber was sprung—where he'd fitted in his precious desk. Bretherton laughed.

"Does that mean we're going down?" Nick demanded to know.

"Perhaps," said the old man. He didn't seem to care. He seemed to be glad.

That was about all. The hail from the Swedish freighter came soon after, and Bretherton's refusal of aid. Nick fought the old man off while he tied the freighter's ropes about himself and Sue. "She's had enough of your sea," he shouted.

They saw the last of the Albatross from the freighter's deck. She disappeared behind a mountainous wave and they didn't know until four months later that she hadn't gone down. Bretherton turned up with her in November in the harbor of Villefranche. That white-faced silent Miss Finn was still with him.

The curious part of it is that Nick and Sue Converse now own a cruiser yacht. They go to the sea for almost two months every year, as if drawn irresistibly. The rest of the time she has her cities and her hills and grass far from any possible sight of the sea. I suspect that old fox, Bretherton. It is known that he loved her very dearly and, on the whole, I think he succeeded very well.



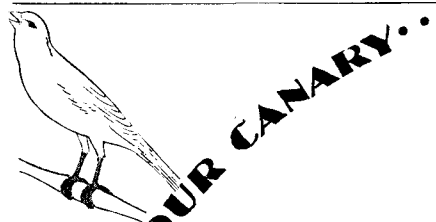
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Beltarbet's Pride

Continued from page 15

life, Luke Tandy, to get the better of Lord Maskell. He's had everything—all of mine and, maybe, God'll not grudge me just that one moment when I ride Diarmuid to the winning-post."

Luke Tandy knew that there was more behind those words than the words themselves. The Englishman had indeed had everything—not only the estates, but the titles, the money, and the honors that should, in happier times for Ireland, have gone to the heir of Clare and Thomond; also the graces and favors of a lovely woman, fit bride for an O'Brien.

IN DUBLIN last winter Beltarbet had allowed his heart to mislead him; proud, somber, galled and outfaced by the English and the Protestant Irish gentry, he had made but a short appearance at the stately court of the amiable Lord Lieutenant. Yet it had been long enough for him to meet in the painted ballroom of Dublin Castle a lady who had caused some dreams to stir in his desolate heart—dreams which might never come again; and he had been blinded enough to believe that she had favored him; but she was English and Protestant, and surrounded by an ambitious family, and, before Beltarbet had left Dublin for the only retreat that his pride and poverty could tolerate, he had learned that the gay and splendid Kitty Archer was betrothed to Lord Maskell.

The only person in the world who knew of this secret and exquisite wound was Luke Tandy, who had stood by for many a steady month and watched the recklessness of grief, humbled pride and thwarted aspirations of the lonely young man; and comforted, strengthened and supported him as best he could—not by words, but by companionship and service, by being there in the midst of his desolation and humiliation—always Luke Tandy, a friend, a servant, a subject of the Princes of Clare.

Something of the poetry and romance of that brief, inarticulate and thwarted passion for the woman had passed into Beltarbet's feelings for the horse, this creature that seemed to have the wonder of all the four elements—the swiftness of the wind, the ardor of fire, the flowing grace of water, and the beauty of glittering earth.

With an instinct to escape from his present distresses he went through the soft, gentle azure twilight down to the stables where Luke Tandy kept Diarmuid with a passion of tender care. Beltarbet leaned in the doorway and looked at the noble creature; he thought that the line and luster of him, the glow and color of him, were like an up-rising poem or a swell of music.

The young man caressed the loving creature, who understood both his affection and his pain, and pressed his face against the smooth warm roan coat, and knew in his heart that he ought to have taken the English gold; that winter he and Luke Tandy and the few poor creatures who looked to him might be brought very low.

Beltarbet left the stables. He took a way that he could have found in the moonless dark, through a somber tangle of ashwood, to a little chapel. Here had stayed a great treasure, as safe in the lonely woods as if it had been in a safe in a London bank, for it was the last heirloom of the O'Briens and sacred to all the Irish—Earl Sigurd's bowl of silver gilt, with squares of flashing, angry-seeming, red and orange stone round it and strange lettering that no one had been skillful enough to de-

cipher. Last year Beltarbet had sold this bowl to Lord Maskell in order to make some show in Dublin, without parting with his costly horse.

Beltarbet entered the chapel. A little old man greeted him. He sat down in the dim light, and opened his soul, not for the first time, to the sad thoughtful priest, told him how Lord Maskell's agent had tempted him to sell Diarmuid, and of the arrest of men in Rathdrum, and soldiers in the Vale of Clara, of the peasantry gathering in Ballinalea, and how ill it went with him—a young man and strong, with a great name, to be there corrupting in idleness, and how he would rather die than live as he was living now, which was worse than a captive or an exile, out-cast from all, denied everything . . . with ruin about him, and despair and idleness. . . .

Father Moran listened with loving patience. When Beltarbet had exhausted himself in overflowing speech the priest spoke, and his kind voice was like a shadow and a chill over the bold despairing energy of the other.

"Ireland cannot rise! How can a man who is shackled to the ground struggle to his feet? This will mean but more widows and orphans, more houses like your house, Lord Beltarbet, and churches like mine."

Luke Tandy had said the same; Beltarbet knew these two men, so different in their several ways, had spoken the dreadful truth. No revolt in Ireland could be anything but a desperate convulsion of extreme despair and would be most horribly punished.

"You have a responsibility," urged the priest, gently; "you must lead the people toward peace and submission, not toward a useless and costly striving which can have but one end. When the foot is on the neck and the yoke is on the shoulder, when the chains hang heavy and the prison walls close round, there's nothing left but resignation."

BELTARBET received Father Moran's blessing; then turned and went back through the dark wood to his dark mansion.

The young man picked up the horn lantern in the hall and, holding it above his head, went from room to room, calling for Luke Tandy, to whom he wished to impart his resolution. . . . But a little waiting, and the race, and perhaps a few guineas from it, and then away! and escape from the humiliation of inaction. . . . "Eh, Luke! Luke Tandy!"

No answer, though he searched from desolate chamber to chamber, went to the stables where his darling was safe, then round the whispering wood, he could not find his servant.

He was peering through the bushes with an increasing impatience and a growing dismay when a small, crying, ragged boy ran out from the dark and told him that when he had gone to see the priest the redcoats had ridden up to the house in haste and power, had arrested Luke Tandy and carried him off along the Dublin road. . . .

Beltarbet mounted Diarmuid and pursued the soldiers through the mild warm night. He came up with them when they were halfway to their destination; but little was the satisfaction Beltarbet got from the meeting. The prisoner was a known rebel who had been going about the country and stirring up the people against the government. He would be lodged that night in Dublin Castle. . . .

Lord Beltarbet argued passionately
(Continued on page 50)



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(Continued from page 49)

with the British officer that it was a mistake; he could swear to it; his man would have done nothing without his knowledge. . . . Neither he nor Luke Tandy knew anything of the risings. He demanded deliverance of the pinnioned prisoner. When he could not get a hearing, and the officer impatiently ignored him, he rode behind the cavalcade to Dublin, and his heart was like to fly out of his bosom with shame and grief.

That night Luke Tandy was flung into one of the evil cells in Dublin Castle, whose high-barred windows looked on to the courtyard called the Devil's Acre, from being the scene of floggings, executions and torments. Beltarbet and Diarmuid passed the night in a poor inn which was yet better than he could afford, and where he was treated with princely courtesy because his name was Murrough O'Brien.

THE following morning by use of grim patience and black determination Beltarbet forced himself into the presence of the governor of the castle prison.

The interview with Luke Tandy he begged was denied him, but he got this news for his consolation:

Tomorrow the old man would be flogged in the Devil's Acre; he had refused any manner of confession; if he did confess and give the names of his accomplices he would be hanged; if he refused to confess he would be flogged again and, maybe, put to other tortures.

The English governor, a not unkindly man, was something confounded by the sight of Beltarbet's distress, but it was not in his power to grant him the interview, or, indeed, any privilege to any of his prisoners.

"Have you no friend at the court among the English?" he asked, curious, interested, a little sorry.

"A friend—I—an O'Brien?"

"I saw you with Lord Maskell last year; he has some influence, and the lady he is to marry is the commander-in-chief's daughter and high in the friendship of the Lord Lieutenant's wife—you might do something there."

"You send me to the man who has got my estates, will have my titles?" asked Beltarbet, thinking this an insult to his misery.

But the governor had not so intended his advice: "Lord Maskell might consider that an obligation; he is easy and generous—you should try him if you can think of no one else."

Easy and generous! The words beat bitterly in Beltarbet's distracted mind. Since he had come to Dublin he had heard the talk, which had now come to the coffee houses, that Lord Maskell and Brocas would be gazetted Earl of Clare and Thomond that winter. . . .

That night he called at Lord Maskell's fine mansion in Kildare Street and waited, in vain, for a bitter hour. The Englishman was abroad—he had been occupied with the troubles, with his military duties. His distress, sharply increased by the delay, sent Beltarbet to a club in Merrion Square where my lord might be, and there, by chance, he found him with a number of his companions—English noblemen and officers, gay and splendid, animated by the successful crushing of the rebellion, the prospect of a struggle with the French.

Beltarbet sent in his name, and my lord left his gaming and came out to him.

The two men met in the high, elegant chamber, with its painted ceiling and the Italian marble chimney-piece. Beltarbet was in his suit of an outdated fashion, shabby and worn, but brushed and mended by the landlord's daughter; the Englishman was in full regimentals, fair, handsome, confident.

"I have come about my horse, Diarmuid," Beltarbet said, sternly.

"You'll sell him?" asked Lork Maskell, agreeably.

"No, I'll not sell him, but I've come to bargain about him. And that's difficult, sir, for I cannot remember ever in my life having bargained before."

"Nor I," smiled the English officer, haughtily. "What, sir, can we have to bargain about?"

"Very little, as you may suppose," smiled Beltarbet, also grimly. "You have the titles and the estates which should go with the name I hold—it's a queer thing for a Murrough O'Brien to come to an Englishman and talk of bargaining, is it not? There's little indeed I have left to trade with, Lord Maskell—only the horse, and it's desperate the plight I must be in before I talk of parting from him, for in all County Wicklow he's called 'Beltarbet's Pride.'"

"It's a beautiful horse," remarked the Englishman, smoothly; "I have always admired him, and I have offered you what I believe, Lord Beltarbet, is a fair and even a generous price."

"It's not the price I want," replied Murrough O'Brien, desperately. "There's a man of mine—a servant, a friend—in Dublin Castle, under suspicion of being implicated in these risings, and I can do nothing; I am a peniless, landless man with no influence, Lord Maskell; and there's none that'll be listening to me. But, if you lend me your influence for the sake of Luke Tandy, I'll give you the horse."

"A bribe!" murmured Lord Maskell, softly, with his hand on his hip, where his scarlet sash was knotted over his sword hilt.

"It will be in time for the races," added the Irishman. "He's not entered yet, and he'll win you the prize, for you'll have many friends that will put the golden guineas on him. I am offering you a large fortune, Lord Maskell—not that you need it, but money seldom comes amiss to any man."

"And what," asked the English officer, dryly, "precisely do you wish of me?"

Beltarbet told him, standing there in his worn, old-fashioned attire before the marble chimney-piece, his youth and beauty haggard and wasted from days of anxiety and nights of despair.

"Luke Tandy is to be flogged tomorrow in what we call the Devil's Acre; it may be after that he'll be hanged, and maybe he'll be flogged again, and maybe he'll be put to some other torture; and that he's innocent I might take upon my honor; but, innocent or guilty, I'd have you use your influence to get him off, sir."

"I doubt I've influence enough to get a rebel pardoned," remarked Lord Maskell, slowly.

"There's your lady that's to be," suggested Beltarbet, quietly; "she's the daughter of the commander-in-chief—it may be she would say a word. Miss Kitty Archer was ever gentle and kind."

THE two men glanced at each other and then away again; a little silence followed the mention of the lady's name.

Then Maskell asked:

"Who is this Luke Tandy?"

"He's the one friend I've left—the one servant and follower; he thinks of me still as if I were a prince in Clare; he saved my father's life twice abroad and brought me home. He taught me all I know of action, as the priests have taught me all I know of thought. A brave and loyal man, Lord Maskell, he would do nothing to bring trouble on my house or me, knowing I'm deep enough in that already."

"I doubt if I can do anything," said the Englishman.

"You can stop the flogging."

Maskell was silent; his fair composed face was expressionless.

"And if you couldn't stop it," added the Irishman, with a heaving breast and a note of desperate earnestness in his soft voice, "maybe you could do this, Lord Maskell—allow me to stand beside him in the Devil's Acre while he takes his torment."

The Englishman glanced up with narrowed eyes.

"Perhaps I could do that," he conceded. "And you'd give me your horse, for which I have offered fifteen thousand pounds, for so slight a favor?"

"No slight favor to me, Lord Maskell; the O'Briens have always stood by their friends and servants. I've no right to ask anything from you—we're not friends or equals," he added with a flash in eyes and voice, "and there's that between us should make us enemies. It has not been the easiest thing in the world for me to come to you, Lord Maskell; I'll call it a bargain—not the begging of favor."

"And I am to enter your horse," smiled the Englishman, "and win the race with him, and a power of guineas besides, eh? And who's to mount him? I hear you intended to ride him yourself."

HE WOULD give his best with me. With others he's a fine horse, the most splendid animal in Ireland, but with me he's like a thing from the Shee—all wind and flame!" The Irishman lifted his head and his gray eyes gleamed. "I'll tell you this, Lord Maskell, if you'll do what you can for Luke Tandy, I'll ride the horse for you at the races."

"And yet you can have no cause to wish to serve me, Beltarbet."

"I've none! I've the wrongs of a hundred years and more between us. You, and the like of you, Lord Maskell, have made my own country so hateful to me that, until this came upon me, I was going abroad again and taking with me the horse and Luke Tandy and, maybe, the old priest—all of us becoming like the leaves on the road again in a foreign land where my forefathers died."

"And join our enemies?" suggested the Englishman, quietly.

"It may be," said Beltarbet. "What have we ever been but enemies—Irish and English—since the days when Strongbow landed? Conquered and conquerors! And I wish that my father had let me take my lost fortune and stay in exile."

"If you would give up your property and serve the King," remarked Lord Maskell, "you might yet find life desirable. Such an existence as you lead, Beltarbet—idle, lonely—is damning to a man."

"I'll neither leave my faith nor serve the foreigner," replied Murrough O'Brien. "It wasn't to discuss this that I came here—but to ask you to do what you can for Luke Tandy. I have offered you the horse and to ride him for you and win the race—on my honor."

Lord Maskell asked:

"You have no other friend—no other hope?"

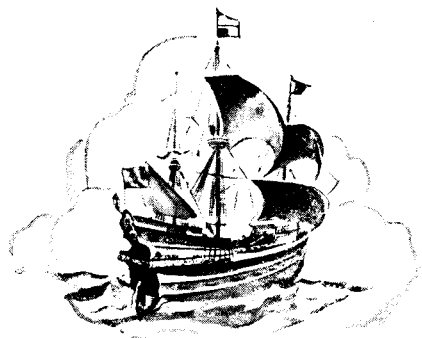
"None," replied the Irishman, simply, "or I should never have come to you."

"You hate me, I suppose," mused the Englishman, "because my grandfather had your estates?"

"Hate? I don't know. They say you'll be Clare and Thomond . . . those are queer titles for a man whose name is Henry Tresham. I'm Murrough O'Brien, and that's all the difference there is between us. Now, will you take my bargain or not?"

"What would you do if I refused?" asked the Englishman, curiously.

"I could stand at the door of your damned gaol tomorrow," flashed Mur-



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rough O'Brien, "and hope that Luke Tandy would know that I was there. . . ."

"I'll see what I can do," said Maskell, negligently. "Will you stay and entertain yourself with me and my friends, Beltarbet?"

"Such is not my humor," replied the Irishman, sternly. He gave the address of the miserable hostelry on the Howth road where he was to be found. "I'll be waiting there all night for your news, Lord Maskell."

HE LEFT the warmly lit, aristocratic mansion, with its company of gay, laughing officers, gambling, drinking, confident, walked to the poor inn on the flats of the estuary, fetched out Diarmuid, and rode for hours.

"Ah, my darling," he whispered to the horse, "and if Luke Tandy can be saved, I must ride the race with you for another man, and then may never mount you again. If Luke Tandy is not to be saved, if the Englishman will do nothing, then you and I must die, Diarmuid; some way, not daring to live when we were useless at a push like this. We'll gallop into the sea, Diarmuid, my darling, where the Danish ravens went down, and as the surf goes over us maybe Fivanna himself will catch your bridle and lead us to the company of the Shee. Maybe we'll then possess the land, my darling, and ride over it day and night with the English never seeing us."

In the blue dawn he led the beautiful horse to the dingy stable and himself saw to his comfort, then caressed him, and lingered long beside him, for he must hope that he would not soon have to part with him.

In the murky light, for it was not yet full day, he saw Luke Tandy standing eagerly waiting by the rough table in the poor parlor.

"I'm free!" cried Luke Tandy, hoarsely.

Not till after a full five minutes of warm delight and gratitude did Beltarbet consider Diarmuid must go.

"And I'll be the Englishman's jockey in the race!" And he wondered how he should give this news to Luke Tandy, who would not consider himself worth such a price.

The servant caressed his master's hand and talked to him wistfully, eagerly, of their dear project of leaving Ire-

land and trying some fortune abroad. "And you've a friend, my lord, who gave me this."

He put a letter into Beltarbet's hand. The Irishman opened it. It was addressed to "The Earl of Clare and Thond."

"Why, who calls me this, Luke?—the name that was lost a hundred years ago, and never heard since save in the mouths of foreigners."

He carried the letter to the mean window and in the pale light that entered read the large resolute hand:

My Lord:

Keep your titles, your servant, your horse. Indeed, no man can deprive you of them. I send you with this passports which will see you all safely beyond the seas; for your affairs in Ireland I will be steward. Perhaps we shall meet on the battlefield. I recommend to you, my lord, a life of action. The titles which I now give you shall never be my signature; but I shall always remain

Your obedient servant, sir,
MASKELL AND BROCAS.

The bitterness of a hundred years lifted from the soul of Beltarbet—he had his horse, his servant, an open port, a generous enemy; as for his purse, the October races would line that very comfortably; for, unless God interfered, Diarmuid could not lose. And after that—a stern but noble fate would beckon him from his present ruin; cause and country were lost, but nothing would make his faith less than inviolate, and in the tumult of a world in arms one more Irishman might find an honorable foreign grave—nay, not so foreign, for it is difficult to discover a spot the blood of the exiles had not hallowed.

THE sunshine was very fair and pleasant—the pale tender sunshine of Ireland shining through the pure azure veils on the Wicklow hills melting round Slieve Donard, on the gray-blue waters of Dublin Bay, and penetrating the mean court of a poor inn where two men and a horse set out on a long journey—"With, maybe, the unseen people to guide us," mused Beltarbet, "for I believe Fivanna walks at Diarmuid's head and tells him the Shee goes with us."

Bobby or Bust

Continued from page 19

instead of laying around till afternoon to be himself licked by—and I bet you can't remember, either.

Anyway, whoever it was, the Hecklers heard about it and postponed the banquet for twenty-six years and Mr. Goodman was probably mad, instead of being grateful that they can't lynch people in Missouri without a license.

Well, theoretically, golf's charm is in its uncertainty. But you gents who run golf had better forget theory and look the facts right in the eye. The ancient Scottish pastime in this age is a one-man sport, and the one man is public property, like Lindbergh, or Charlie Chaplin, or Babe Ruth. If you're giving a show, don't kill the star in the prologue.

Unless you can guarantee that Mr. Jones will still be performing up to the last scene, you won't have to worry about where to stage the next amateur championship. You can put it on right here in my \$4.00 room, with my other chair to accommodate the gallery and the bathtub for a water hazard. At the end of the week I'll write all that the story is worth on a souvenir post-

card and send it to my niece in Evans-ton, who hasn't learned to read. (She's backward.)

My suggestion is that you see Bobby Jones. Let him qualify as usual and then play exhibitions till Saturday morning so there'll be somebody in town besides caddies to witness the presentation of the cup.

What About the Boston Braves?

Or if that's too radical, cut out the sprints and make all the matches full length, and this in spite of Mr. Jones himself. He didn't write to me after the Pebble Beach holocaust (or before), but he told an aunt of a friend of mine's widow that if a man couldn't tackle eighteen-hole matches as well as thirty-six, he didn't deserve to be champion.

All right. But suppose the National League of Professional Baseball Clubs had decided to end the pennant race this year in the middle of May. Do you know who would have been champions? The Boston Braves. Can you hear me now? I said, the Boston Braves!

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Smoking Tobacco

It's *milder*





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The Age of Youth

Continued from page 25

innocent, Donna, but you're not stupid. You can tell well enough. Now, if Granby, who knows all about you—who financed you—is falling in love with you—if you're good enough for him, I mean to say, why shouldn't you be good enough for anyone else?"

"You're too generous," said Donna. "Generous? My child, I see a great career ahead of you. You'll marry—well. I'll still be Madame Galere, looking for pupils, for various crumbs that fall from the tables of the rich. Donna, you won't forget me. It's to my interest to help you."

"You only say that," said Donna, "to hide your kindness."

"Kindness? Well, maybe there's something of that, too," conceded the teacher. "You see—I had a hard row to hoe. After all, to be in New York and be *nobody*—not so much fun. And to know that you, of whom I'm fond, are trying to pull yourself up from mediocrity—Donna, my child, I'm with you."

She suddenly dropped into the character Donna knew, the teacher of singing.

"We've wasted twenty-five minutes of your half hour. Let's try the scales," she ordered.

For the next ten minutes—the succeeding pupil was late—she ran Donna mercilessly through the scales, criticizing, advising, scolding. The girl had no opportunity to think of her troubles, and when the next pupil announced her arrival, Mme. Galere kissed Donna swiftly.

"Remember, my child, don't admit anything. It's not too late, even now, for me to—I've known all along who you are. Your mother was a friend of mine—"

"And if everything should come out?" suggested Donna. "No, I won't let you sponsor me. I—I'll play it by myself."

She saw quick relief in Mme. Galere's eyes. After all, the teacher existed only by virtue of the confidence the parents of the Junior Leaguers had in her. To cause her to lose that . . .

Nevertheless, although she couldn't accept the open allegiance of Mme. Galere, she was tremendously bucked up by the teacher's reception of her confidences. She would keep them, too, Donna thought. And as she emerged from the building into the bright fall sunshine assurance came back to her.

Shifting our burdens, even though temporarily, to the shoulders of another makes them seem lighter when we reassume them.

SHE had, in the interests of economy, abandoned too-frequent lunching at expensive restaurants. For she was exceeding, by a considerable margin, the thousand-a-month allowance which Ran Granby had given her. She had spent, at the outset of her new career, a large amount for clothing, telling herself that it was a wise investment to draw upon her capital at the outset, rather than acquire a wardrobe piecemeal. And paying her rent a year in advance could not be considered extravagant, either.

Only, the monthly, weekly, even daily cost of living was greater than she had anticipated. She had spent, within a fortnight after receiving the money from Granby, via his lawyers and her brokers, some six thousand dollars. But, with her clothing bought in advance, and her rent paid for a year, this did not seem too reckless. Allowing twelve thousand a year, she had six thousand more to spend in twelve months; five hundred a month. But

her maid cost a hundred; Mme. Galere's singing lessons were sixty a month; the daily luncheons at smart restaurants and taxicabs used up five dollars a day, or one hundred and twenty a month; facials, manicures, stockings here, theater tickets there, a hat here, a too-tempting frock or another pair of shoes . . .

If Sue took her to luncheon, she could take Sue without exceeding her average allowance for restaurants. Only—perhaps Sue would have three friends with her; true, they would, in turn, take her, but somehow it all didn't balance. In the first five months of her new freedom from financial worry she acquired new monetary burdens. She had spent, of the six thousand remaining after what she termed her investments in clothing and rent, over four thousand in five months. Of course, she had slightly over twelve more in the bank, but that sum was to last her through a second twelvemonth, and could not be drawn upon in advance.

THIS was a matter that had not seriously assailed her feeling of security as yet, but it had begun to hover in the background of her thoughts, and, unless she had an engagement, she lunched inexpensively.

But today she felt it advisable to make a public appearance. It was no time to hide. It was a time to act in a perfectly unconscious fashion, to appear, if possible, utterly unaware of any whispered attack upon her. So she called up Sue Philemon.

"Lunch with me today?" she asked.

"Love to. Where?" asked Sue.

"Anywhere. Colony?"

"One-thirty. Fine. And did you see the ducky photo of us in the Blade?"

inquired Sue.

"I thought it was pretty good of you—not so crazy about the picture of me, though," replied Donna.

"It wasn't so good," Sue admitted.

"But did you read the column on the same page?"

Courage came suddenly to Donna.

"I certainly did," she said. "And I recognized myself—except for one thing: that hint that some man—Sue, do you honestly think that I've enough charm and beauty and all that sort of thing to lead a successful double life?"

Sue laughed gaily.

"Certainly not," she stated.

"Is that kindly?" asked Donna.

"Of course it is," replied Sue. "I've lived twenty-three years and no man has made an indecent advance to me, and I'm not going to let you show off and brag and pretend that you have more 'it' than I have. One-thirty, eh?"

Donna hung up and walked from the drug store where she had been talking.

Perhaps this wasn't such a rotten world after all. Perhaps people weren't so eager to suspect the worst as she had imagined. Instead of weeping, she should be prepared to laugh. Sue had given her a cue, the correct cue.

She killed time before luncheon by dropping in at a shoe store, looking at some new lingerie at Black's, getting a haircut, buying some scent. . . . She spent exactly one hundred and nineteen dollars in an hour and a half.

She was appalled as she mentally added the various sums. And this on top of a comparatively recent determination to retrench. She hated herself for the sudden appearance in her thoughts of the good-natured visage of Randolph Granby. That way, she told herself, lay utter dissolution of character.

What she had already done was bad enough. But to contemplate accepting more from the man. . . . She knew she never would, and the sudden knowledge buoyed her up. She would never, never, never be a kept woman as the term is usually understood.

Sue greeted her in the anteroom of the restaurant, and they went gaily into the dining-room. Donna had prepared herself for a battery of curious glances, for furtive whisperings and shruggings, and none of these things eventuated.

Mrs. Fred Fairleigh, looking very pretty and much younger than her thirty-four years, stopped her as they passed by.

"Telephoned you this morning but you were out. Want you for dinner and bridge—home evening. Can you make it? Ran Granby called me up in high excitement to say that you could. Does the man's hope make him confident, or are you really free for tonight?"

"I'd love to come," said Donna.

"Eight, then," said Mrs. Fairleigh.

She paid a compliment to Sue, smiled at Donna and that was that. Had she seen Mr. Manhattan's column? Donna wondered about this as she sat down at the table that the headwaiter, with much ceremony, allotted to them. But Janey Canfield waved gaily to her, and Don Blaisdell's sister paused a moment at their table to exchange idle chatter.

Had they seen, or hadn't they suspected? But Sue brought the matter up as soon as the waiter, their orders taken, left them.

"You conceited thing," she charged.

"Why?" asked Donna.

"To think that paragraph meant you? Mysterious beauty who sways men to her will. That's what you think you are."

"WELL," said Donna, bewildered, "I did rent Libby Prentiss' apartment."

"Yes, and Pandora Penlevon rented Marjorie White's apartment. Pandora Penlevon! Don't you love it? Where on earth did she dig up that name? Everyone knows all about Pandora."

"Does she—does she go everywhere?" asked Donna.

Sue laughed merrily.

"Certainly not. But for the purposes of a newspaper paragraph—who cares? And you, you vain thing, thought you could pass off as not being perfectly respectable. Well, my dear, there's no hope for you. You might as well resign yourself to a respectable marriage, respectable children, and a respectable life."

"Who—you say everyone knows about—Pandora? Who—who pays her bills?"

"Ah," said Sue roguishly. "You wouldn't like to hear about him."

"Why not?" asked Donna in surprise.

"Well, last night he seemed quite devoted, and according to Mrs. Freddie he's phoned already this morning—"

"You mean Mr. Granby?" inquired Donna.

"Well, rumor had it that he and La Penlevon were fond friends last year," said Sue.

Unaccountable rage possessed Donna. So—that was the sort Ran Granby was. Well, what else did she suppose him to be? A bachelor, of enormous means, footloose—and not too fancy-free, eh?

"I don't believe it," she heard herself saying.

But why didn't she believe it? What was unbelievable about it? Ran Granby was not immune to feminine approach, was he? But—he seemed so—well, nice.

"Don't believe it?" Sue was gently

mocking. "What an impression dear old Ran must have made last night. At that, though," she went on, "maybe he isn't the one. But everyone will think so. It doesn't matter much, either way, does it?"

"Of course not," said Donna.

Sue daintily attacked her melon.

"Donna, you liked Ran last night, didn't you?"

"Why—I suppose so," Donna replied with the exact shade of carelessness she felt the answer required. "Why?"

"I've watched the dear old thing at work," smiled Sue. "Immediate interest, a tremendous rush, and then—he's wary. He—oh, I could tell it just by looking at him last night—was bowled over. But it doesn't mean a thing with Ran Granby, dear. Just keep that in your head all the time."

"I wouldn't have considered him a devastating heart-wrecker," laughed Donna.

"N-no, not in the ordinary sense," admitted Sue. "But—when a man has his money and all that—lots of girls would have taken him, would still take him."

"Well, he didn't arouse me to that extent," said Donna.

"I didn't think so, but—you're no one at all until Ran Granby has rushed you, but—don't take the rush seriously."

"I won't," promised Donna.

AND the subject was dropped. Nor was the matter of the paragraph alluded to again. Donna wondered at this. She gave her companion rather less credit than she deserved. After all, Donna, in Sue's estimation, was nice and charming and well-bred. What did Sue care about her antecedents? The age of youth takes care of itself. Their parents may ask pertinent questions, but youth—of both sexes—finds its own companionship where it chooses. Donna had nothing to fear—though she didn't know it as yet—from girls like Sue. It was from the older women that danger would come, if it came at all, and Mme. Galere had been shrewd enough to recognize this.

Luncheon ended. Sue had some engagement or other, and dropped Donna at the corner of Park Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, whence Donna walked leisurely to her little apartment. . . .

Ran Granby called at a quarter before eight. Donna, ravishing in blue, curtsied before him as she entered her tiny drawing-room.

"Do you approve?" she asked.

He gasped at sight of her, and his utterance was the least bit thick for a moment.

"You're too lovely," he said.

She curtsied again, not wholly unaware that the movement revealed her grace compellingly.

"Your investment is—worth while then?" she asked.

He sat abruptly down.

"Miss Raynor—you saw the morning paper?"

"I did. At first I thought it meant me. Then I was told that a certain Miss Pandora Penlevon had been the—er—recipient of attentions from you and that she was meant."

"I hope people think so," said Granby. "But as for Miss Penlevon—that was one of the usual rumors about me that had no foundation. I barely know the woman. My child, I'm afraid that newspaper man meant *you*. Penlevon has little to lose and much to gain—in the way of advertisement." For a moment his worried eyes twinkled. "But you—I'd cut off my hand before I'd let a soul suspect—"

She interrupted him.

"After all, this was one of the risks I must take, Mr. Granby. And—it would be too unreasonable to expect that I could do—what I intend to do,

without arousing an occasional whisper of gossip."

He became admiring.

"You can meet any situation, can't you?"

"I can try to," she said.

He had that air of lingering, of being in no hurry, which always presages flirtatious or romantic moods. Donna became very businesslike. She gave him a wrap to carry, a vanity bag to hold. She got him out of the house without his realizing at all that she was urging him.

She had him, she realized, at a disadvantage. She should have been the one to show signs of embarrassment, and therefore she must never show any such signs at all to him. Now, because he was, consciously or unconsciously mattered little, sentimentally inclined toward her, the embarrassment must be his. Wherefore she could steer the conversational craft whither she willed, and she willed that its direction be anywhere but in that of their relation to each other. So she kept it away from Miss Penlevon, from anything that would inevitably remind them both that she was the recipient of his unconventional charity. Even the expression of gratitude would be dangerous, therefore she would not express it.

Her summer . . . her singing . . . the races yesterday . . . the dance last night . . . her friends . . . they were discussing the charm of Sue Philemon when they reached the Fairleighs'. And if Ran Granby vaguely felt that something had been deftly evaded, he wasn't conscious exactly what it was. If he felt that Donna was elusive, he didn't quite know what it was that she eluded. He could only have told an inquirer that he was very happy to be with her.

His happiness lasted through the bridge game. Donna had taken a dozen lessons from Brenz, the great contract teacher, and while her game lacked brilliance, it was sound and dependable. She and Ran won, at a penny, thirty-three dollars apiece, and left amid pretended lamentations from their host and hostess.

"Darned attractive girl," said Fairleigh to his wife.

"Very," agreed Mrs. Freddie. "Wonder who her people are."

"Who cares?" asked her husband.

But Mrs. Fairleigh didn't answer this. She was not a man but a woman, and women quite often do care.

It was only midnight when Donna and Granby reached their taxi.

"Seems a shame to go to bed so early," lamented Granby. "You wouldn't care to drop in somewhere for a bite to eat and dance?"

The idea sounded attractive.

"Where?" asked Donna.

"The Embassy?"

"Sounds delightful," said Donna.

SO GRANBY directed the taximan to take them to East Fifty-seventh Street. The club was filled with the after-theater crowd as they entered, but a tiny table was found for them not too far from the dancing space. A dozen people waved greetings to Granby. Donna was to discover that her benefactor was rather popular. Several people bowed to Donna. She felt languid, happy, at ease, the furor of the morning forgotten.

Then, as they rose to dance, a man stopped beside them. It was Frank Gardner, and his face was flushed. He was not intoxicated but it was obvious that he had been drinking heavily.

"Why, it's old Ran Granby," he exclaimed. "Ran Granby and the li'l girl he's keeping."

His voice, thick with liquor, nevertheless was loud. Also it was distinct. A dozen people heard—and understood.

(To be continued next week)

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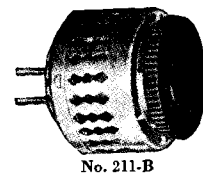
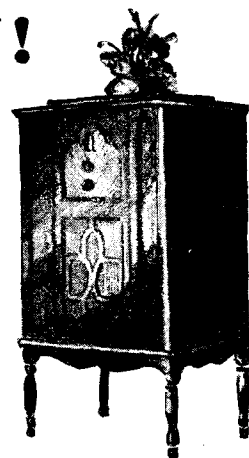
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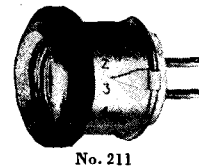
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his sincere thanks for the courteous co-operation that made it possible for Sir Harry Lauder, Guest Artist of Enna Jettick Melodies, to continue his program on December 1st in Collier's Radio hour.

Gifts of Christmas



GIVE THANKS that Christmas is so close at hand. This year, more than in a long time, we need the hope, the good cheer and the generosity of the Christmas season.

We are fortunate in our holidays. Each in its separate way represents the age-old wisdom of the race. Out of their struggles and their experiences our fathers set apart certain days as peculiar. Of them all, Christmas is happiest and most useful.

Christmas is old. Far back in the misty past you have to travel to uncover its origin. Long before Christianity spread from Palestine the day that became Christmas was celebrated.

Christmas absorbed and enriched and made something new and infinitely valuable out of an ancient pagan festival. We are the heirs of that wisdom and that achievement.

Christmas fundamentally is the time of renewed hope and of courage. As the days grew short and dark and the trees lost their leaves and their fruits, men feared for their future. The friendly sun seemed to move away and the earth became cold and inhospitable.

Then observant men perceived a change. After the solstice the sun began its return journey. Men dared to feast without fear of future starvation. Ceremonies were in-

augurated. New fires were lighted to signify the promise of another warm and fruitful year. We perceive vestiges of this ancient rite in our Christmas candles.

Into the very fibre of our race the mid-winter festival was taken.

Christianity could have found no better day with which to celebrate the birth of the Master. For then indeed was lighted a new fire which illuminates the world and touches more and more of us with its warmth of love and fellowship and charity. To the old pagan faith in the renewed generosity of the earth was added the finer doctrine of peace and good will. The coming of Christ made men themselves promise better for the future.

Human nature has always needed such a recurrent occasion. Use it well this year.

Those who have experienced hardships are reminded by Christmas that good times will return. Those who are fortunate are given the opportunity to share their comfort and their security with others. To all comes the message of cheer and of courage.

We have passed through a time of extravagance. Some of us hoped to become rich without effort. Many gambled when they might have worked. The inevitable followed and foolish hopes vanished into the nothingness that produced them.

We have been brought back to earth,

but we have been brought back to an exceedingly productive earth.

Don't imagine the world is coming to an end merely because millions were lost in the stock market. If you work intelligently you are producing and if you are producing you are earning.

Within the limits of prudence spend and give. Few of us impoverish ourselves by what we give away. Our extravagances arise from what we spend upon ourselves or from our speculations, and not from our gifts.

Christmas is essentially the time of giving. Thought of others, sharing yourself and your possessions with others, giving joyously, is the Christian part of the Christmas spirit.

The coming of Christmas reminds us that a full and happy life is not measured by the extent of our material possessions.

The happiest at Christmas are children and their joy and gayety do not depend upon the richness of their gifts. The spirit of the home, whether luxurious or poor, makes or mars the day.

Courage for the future, good will toward men, peace on earth, sober enjoyment of the good things of the earth, generous giving to those close to us and to those in need, reverence for things of the spirit; these are some of the gifts of Christmas which all may have and share.





IF you (too) have noted the Tremendous Strides made by Big Business in the past few months—if you have remarked the Bold Solutions of Major Problems, and admired the Efficiency of the Head Men in Straightening-Out, Expanding, Declaring, Taking-Up, Cleaning-Up, and Arriving-At—then you have witnessed the profound effect of the instantaneous welcome given a new cigarette—a cigarette which will make no man see clearer, think straighter, sleep sounder or act bolder, but a cigarette which tastes, to wise people, a lot better. That helps any conference, somehow.

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Some day you'll buy her a

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why not for Christmas



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